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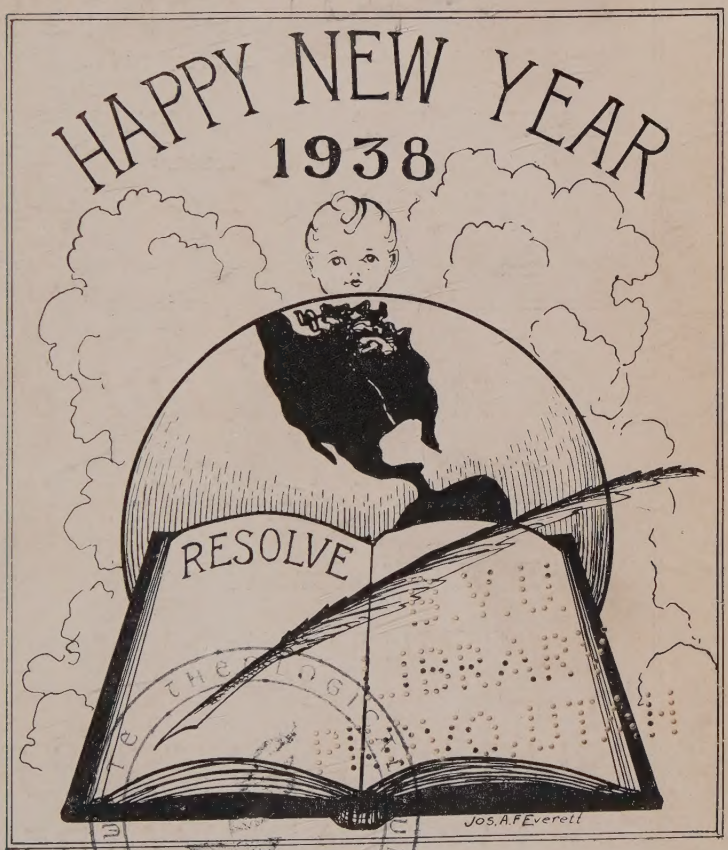

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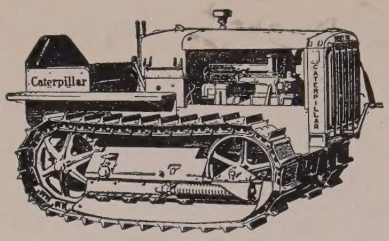

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THE RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE

Organ of the Relief Society of the Church of
Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints

VOL. XXV JANUARY, 1938 No. 1

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TO MARY KIMBALL

By Claire Stewart Boyer

"Blessed are the meek," I read,
"For they shall inherit the earth,"
"Blessed have you been," I said,
"For gentleness gave you birth;
And through the years humility
Has graced your unfaltering way—
Moonlight to your ability,
And art to the words you say;

"Blessed are they that nobly bear,
From out the celestial sphere,
Essence that all of us can share—
A boon to the now and here!
Your meekness is an aureole,
Divine credential of your soul."

MARY CONNELLY KIMBALL

The Relief Society Magazine

VOL. XXV JANUARY, 1938 No. 1

Mary Connelly Kimball

By May Booth Talmage

THE glorious life mission of Mary Connelly Kimball closed on Wednesday, November 24, 1937, after a little more than three score years spent in the *Field*.

Her *Honorable Release* bore the signature of the Great Master, and her lovely spirit was permitted to go home—home to the God who gave it; home to the mother who bore her in the flesh; home to the husband, blessed and beloved, to whom she was joined in holy matrimony not "until death doth you part," but for "Time and for all Eternity."

Perhaps to none save those who have served as missionaries in our Church, can the words "Honorable Release" convey their full significance. To finish one's mission with honor is to achieve the highest ambition of any missionary who accepts the responsibility of his assignment as a sacred trust.

Those who know Mary Kimball best, know full well that to her life's mission was no less sacred. Her conception of the meaning and purpose of life was clearly conveyed in an article she wrote entitled "Work," published in Volume 12 of The Young Women's Journal, the closing quotations of which run thus:

"We are not here to play, to dream, to drift,
There is hard work to do, and hands to lift.
Shun not the struggle, face it, 'Tis God's gift."

"Arise, therefore, and be doing, and the Lord be with thee."

Throughout the years, Mary's life has exemplified the dominant thought here expressed. There has ever pulsed through her veins the desire to do more than her share of the world's work, to help lift the loads of others, to accept life's struggles as a veritable gift from God.

We who are left with aching hearts and tear dimmed eyes, as Saints in foreign lands are left when times of parting come, still can rejoice that another mission is completed gloriously and honorably.

IN writing of Mary my purpose is not to write a biographical sketch, but to pay a heart tribute to one whose friendship has been one of life's choicest gifts. May I paraphrase my own words written to our beloved Dr. Karl G. Maeser: Gladly would we lay at the altar of her memory a tribute worthy of the theme, but there are

"thoughts that lie too deep for tears" or words.

My association with Mary Connelly Kimball has been of the closest for upward of two score years. It began when she came as a girl with the Mutual officers of the 21st Ward to attend the first course in guide work offered by the General Board to the stake and ward officers of the old Salt Lake Stake. What a help and an inspiration she was at that early age, with her brilliant mind, her spirituality and her willingness to contribute to the fine discussions of that pioneer work!

Her qualities of leadership, plainly evident then, developed continuously until the time came when one felt she belonged to that company of great ones whom Carlyle designated as "living light-fountains which it is good and pleasant to be near. The light which enlightens . . . . not as a kindled lamp only, but rather as a natural luminary shining by the gift of Heaven; a flowing light-fountain, as I say, of native and original insight, ... in whose radiance all souls feel that it is well with them."

HOW blessed were Mary's friends whose privilege it was to be often within the radiance of her presence! My admiration deepened for her splendid mentality through many years together on the General Board of Y. W. M. I. A. Her work on this board was done with a painstaking thoroughness that left need neither for explanation nor excuse. She was never one to shirk the long and arduous journeys to conventions nor to complain of the hardships ofttimes attendant. She had the rare gift of tact and sympathetic understanding which put any hostess at her ease. Her attendance at conventions was eagerly sought, both because of the uplift of her pleasing personality and the satisfaction her efficient help afforded to the workers who were hungry for the riches of her well stored mind.

This long training through ward, stake and general associations, proved a fitting preparation for the work on the General Board of the parent woman's organization—the Relief Society.

In both the Y. W. M. I. A. and Relief Society groups she was the capable, efficient editor of their respective magazines, yet shared to the fullest the regular arduous activities of these international governing boards.

DURING the years of teaching in the district and high schools of Salt Lake City, she adorned her profession and was not alone admired and respected by her co-workers but won the affection of all who were fortunate enough to be her pupils.

In addition to these positions of responsibility and trust, Mary found time for things purely social and cultural. As a valued and valuable member of the Ensign and the Authors' Clubs her contributions to each were unexcelled, and her charming hospitality proved another evidence of her versatile and abundant gifts.

In the language of one great writer concerning another, "One wonders just what she might not have been or done had occasion required."

ONE hesitates to express a choice as to which of her talents stood first. Surely to win the love of those in the school room—and to become eminent in an honored profession is no mean ac-

complishment. To be "adored" by girls and women in all departments of our Church organizations and to influence them to strive for splendid womanhood is an achievement greatly to be desired. To sway the hearts of young and old by tongue and pen to righteous living, is a precious gift vouchsafed to few. Yet, great as were all these gifts and talents, it was not for these that my deepest love went out to my friend. Her outstanding attribute was her absolute faith in the Gospel of Jesus Christ, revealed through the Prophet Joseph Smith, as evidenced by her unswerving adherence to, and observance of the laws and ordinances of the Gospel.

Her almost unparalleled affection for and devotion to her mother during the latter's lifetime endeared her to all. Their beautiful companionship was the embodiment of one's highest ideals, and furnished a masterpiece to hang in the gallery of one's memory. To her father she was ever the unselfish, considerate, intelligent daughter that made her companionship with him the joy of his life as he is often wont to say. She evidenced always unusual tenderness and strong affection for children in general and for Agnes in particular. The beautiful romance that surrounded her courtship and marriage, rather late in life brought a warm glow to many hearts. The esteem and affection existing between the two seemed almost akin to worship during the all too short period before her distinguished husband received his final call. The courage and fortitude Mary showed through the severe ordeals of parting with her mother and her husband were truly heroic.

LOYAL and devoted to her friends, she was literally as "true as steel." How often during the years has she brightened my home with blossoms from her lovely garden, or by a radiant smile or word of cheer left uplift and encouragement far greater than she knew. One friend said to me, "Since my husband's death I could scarcely have endured my loneliness had it not been for Mary —she calls me *every day* to learn if all is well." What devotion from one whose busy life made every moment precious! Mary is loved for the joy she took in serving others, for her modest unassuming nature, which testified so strongly of her greatness, of her integrity, her dependability, her tactfulness and of her desire always to say kind and helpful things. One of her last requests was that she be not eulogized. These are but the sincere expressions of a friend whose life has been richly blessed through her companionship.

THE funeral services were as she had wished and planned, unostentatious, yet, with a quiet dignity characteristic of herself. If spirits are permitted to hover near until the final rites are over, I am sure Mary's beauty loving soul rejoiced in the exquisite daintiness of her clothing and in the perfection of the blossoms that bore their silent messages of comfort to her stricken loved ones. The heartfelt tributes expressed by her file leader President Louise Y. Robison, by Dr. Middleton, President Spencer Kimball, Dr. John A. Widtsoe and President Heber J. Grant could not with truth and justice have been less glowing, and yet one marvels that in the span of three score years

one could have earned encomiums so numerous, and of such high order.

In reading the 23rd Psalm and extending his sympathy and blessing, Bishop Joel Richards showed rare sympathy and appreciation of Mary's worth as a member of his ward.

The beautiful music conveyed its own sweet message of hope and consolation, and when the last strains were heard one could imagine Mary's spirit waving a loving farewell, as with her radiant smile she echoed the Master's words: "In my Father's house are many mansions, . . . I go to prepare a place for you that where I am ye may be also."

MARY

By Annie Wells Cannon

Serene she lay, soft-pillowed in chiffon
Sweetly silent, so fair to look upon.
The scented charm of flowers expressed
Her quiet passing to eternal rest.
We wonder if you knew when here
How very much we loved you, dear.

EXCERPTS FROM EDITORIALS

By Mary C. Kimball

"It is an art to be able to do things in a sweet way."

"Happiness is vital to our well being and while it is affected by outward things, its source is ever within."

"Overcoming is one of the most strengthening tonics man knows."

"A fussy individual can destroy the peace, happiness and well being of any group."

"Hardships are not wholly undesirable. Through overcoming difficulties there comes a courage and fortitude that makes for strong character."

"One of the great battles all have to fight is against selfishness. Those who pay tithing become less selfish, learn to give joyously, and learn to practice thrift and economy."

"There is always satisfaction in a thing done well."

"It is a beautiful thing for the living to think in loving appreciation of the dead. Calling to mind their virtues helps to strengthen the virtues of those who remember."

We Resolve

By Myrtle Wentworth

MARGOT stared resentfully first at the figures in her check book and then at the row of figures she had been juggling back and forth on a sheet of paper. It was no use. No matter what sort of mathematics she used, the result remained inexorably the same. Her account was overdrawn exactly thirty-seven dollars and eighty-two cents and Perry would be dreadfully annoyed. The fact that Christmas, with its attendant expenditures, was in the immediate background would make no difference whatever. She had been given fifty dollars for the holiday "racket", as Perry called it, and had been expected to stay within that amount.

She glanced over at the divan where Perry lay peacefully sleeping off the excitement of the New Year's celebration. There was no use asking for a new black lace dinner dress now. The bank statement would be here bright and early in tomorrow's mail and she would get her customary "curtain" lecture and make the usual promises to try and do better in the future.

She shrugged her shoulders. Well, there was no need worrying about it. All the figuring in the world couldn't change that balance now, and anyway, Perry was an awfully good sort and would end up by forgiving her with a couple of kisses. She turned the paper over and began amusing herself making some New Year's resolutions. That was the timely thing to be doing and she would make some for Perry too while she was about it.

When she had compiled what she considered an excellent list, she went over to the divan and shook Perry by the shoulders. "Wake up, Lazy," she cried, releasing his shoulders for a more effective grasp of his curly brown locks.

He partly opened his eyes and stared at her belligerently. "What for"? he demanded, "Isn't it a holiday and wasn't I up half the night?"

"It is and you were, but that isn't any reason for sleeping all through the day. And by the way, Perry, don't ever again let anyone persuade you to wear a paper cap. Ordinarily you look very intelligent, but—well, paper caps just aren't your style."

"Thanks," yawned Perry, "I'll remember," settling down to slumber again as if the whole matter were closed.

But Margot was bent on "high resolve" and was not to be thwarted so easily. "No, you don't," she cried, seizing the pillow from behind his head. "You are going to wake up and make some New Year's resolutions."

"Let's wait 'till tomorrow."

"No, indeed. 'Never put off 'till tomorrow what you can do today.' I'm glad I thought of that."

"You didn't think of it. Aristotle or Benjamin Franklin or somebody else did."

"I mean I'm glad I thought of adding it to your resolutions."

"*My* resolutions"? Perry was practically awake by now. "Do you mean to say that you are making New Year's resolutions for *me*"?

"Well—I have some suggestions," Margot admitted. "You may add to them, of course, but I believe that I can give you some extremely good help on the subject."

"Thanks," said Perry, with d o u b t f u l enthusiasm, "What about your own?"

"Oh, I have a lovely list made up for myself," Margot answered, her dark eyes sparkling. "Just listen. I resolve to get up one half hour earlier mornings—"

"Hooray," Perry interrupted, adding, "So that my husband will not have to fry his own eggs."

Margot ignored the interruption. "Second—Watch my diet more carefully."

"I trust your resolutions apply to yourself alone."

"Don't be alarmed—they do. You shan't be asked to give up a single piece of pie." Glancing back at her paper, she continued, "To do no more gossiping."

"My dear child, you needn't give up all pleasure. Besides," Perry added irrelevantly, "you're much too pretty to spend your time making resolutions."

"Thanks for the last remark. I'm ignoring the first—I suspect fine irony," and Margot went on, scarcely glancing up from her paper. "To cultivate a more cheerful disposition."

"Good girl," was Perry's enthusiastic comment. "Now, if you'll just add 'To always remember to put the lid back on the toothpaste and not to linger on the telephone when your husband is trying to call you from the office,' we'll say it's an excellent job."

"Done," assented Margot cheerfully. "Now shall we start on yours?"

"I resent your air of 'Now this is really important' and besides, I didn't say that I was making any."

"Oh, but you are. It gives one such a noble feeling to make resolutions. I feel better already. But if you don't want to be bothered, I'll make them and you can keep them." She picked up a clean sheet of paper and started with a flourish, reading each item aloud as she wrote it down.

"First: I resolve to be more careful about letting the dog in the house when Margot has just scrubbed the kitchen floor."

"O. K. and we'll pin a copy up where the dog can see it too."

Margot ignored his facetiousness and went on. "Second: I will not bring anyone home to dinner without phoning about it at least fifteen minutes in advance."

"But darling—you know I just met—"

"Yes," she interrupted, "I know. You just met Harry Jarvis on the street and he was in town for the day only, and it was three flights by elevator back to the telephone. You've been forgiven for that time and the time before, but remember that for the future, you've resolved to do differently." She drew a deep breath and continued, "I will pick up my own pajamas every morning."

"No fair," shouted Perry, "I have for a week."

"Yes, but I've reminded you."

"Very well, from now on I'm a reformed character. Don't you think that three resolutions are enough at one time?"

"Well," said Margot virtuously, "I made four."

"So you did," assented Perry, picking up her paper. "What's all this?" he asked, as his eye caught the figures on the other side.

"Just my accounts," she answer-

ed, reaching for the paper with seeming casualness.

PERRY, who knew from long experience that there was seldom anything very casual about Margot's accounts, hung on to the paper. He stared at the figures for a long time and then asked in steely tones, "Am I right in thinking that you have gone nearly forty dollars over your allowance for last month?"

"I—it looks that way," she admitted in a 'just as well have it out now' tone of voice.

"But didn't we agree—"

"Yes," Margot interrupted, "we did. But Julia sent something at the last minute and I had to spend more money on Adele because it was to do for a wedding present as well and—"

"I know," said Perry wearily, "but it's the same every month. It's really getting serious. If we're ever going to save enough money to buy a home, put the twins through college and do some of the other things we've planned, we'll have to start watching our step right now."

He turned the paper back again and glanced idly at Margot's whimsical resolutions and then looked suddenly back again at his pretty dark-haired wife. "How's for chucking these resolutions you've made and taking on just one of my making instead?" he asked.

"Let's hear it," was Margot's non-committal reply.

"Could you possibly resolve to stay within your monthly allowance and then stick to it?"

Margot tossed her head. "Of course I can, and I'll do it providing you match it with one of your own."

"Done," cried Perry. "You make it and I'll keep it, even if it means taking that cold shower daily that you think would be good for my constitution."

"Oh no," laughed Margot. "It's nothing so Spartan as that. It's merely that I would appreciate having you home to dinner on time instead of anywhere from fifteen minutes to three hours late."

"Agreed—and the bargain sealed with a kiss—no, with two kisses," said Perry. "Eight hours is long enough for a man to work anyway."

MARGOT did not find it nearly so easy as she had anticipated to fulfill her end of the bargain. Her bank account had a persistent habit of reaching the disappearing point about a week before the end of the month.

It seemed that the shops took a malicious delight in featuring highly desirable bargains just at that particular time and as she and Perry had agreed long ago not to have any charge accounts, Margot was forced to look over the pages of alluring newspaper ads with a yearning eye and then determinedly thrust the paper out of sight.

She often wondered why her friends took this particular time of the month to invite her down town to lunch and a movie. They didn't seem nearly so attentive at the first of the month when she was amply supplied with the means to pay for these diversions.

Each month she determined that she would hold on to sufficient money to see her comfortably through to another pay day and each month little unforseen expenses came up that simply had to be met. A friend would come in from out of town who must be entertained, or small Bobby's shoes would wear out when she

had counted on them lasting fully another six weeks.

But no matter what came up, Margot drew her purse strings tight. She decided grimly that she would go barefoot—which she meant quite literally, before she would be the first to break the New Year's resolutions.

SHE was not altogether delighted when Georgia Varney called her one bright afternoon in late April and offered to pick her up and take her to the Rossiter auction sale. She knew that she would be tempted almost beyond endurance by the lovely things there and she knew equally well that she wouldn't dare to spend one dollar of the six which made up her slender balance at the bank. Her curiosity to see the home, which was one of the finest in the city, prevailed, however, and when Georgia arrived, she climbed into the smart blue roadster determined to come back empty handed as far as the Rossiter belongings were concerned.

"What would you like?" asked Georgia, as they started out.

"I'd like a Louis XXVII bedroom suite," Margot answered innocently.

"Oh, er, do you suppose they have one?" Georgia asked vaguely.

If the Rossiter home didn't boast a Louis XXVII bedroom suite, it was practically the only thing missing, Margot decided.

Georgia acquired a small oriental rug and two lovely cloissone vases. Just as they were about to leave, Margot espied just the very sort of a secretary that Perry had been wanting for years. It was a splendid model, large enough to hold most of the books and papers that were now scattered in odd corners about the home and yet not too large to harmonize with their furniture.

She went up to it and examined the various drawers and shelves with longing. Yes, they certainly needed that piece of furniture but six dollars was six dollars and she knew of no immediate way of making it twenty-six, which was the very least she could hope to get it for. The piece was easily worth more than twice that amount. She knew, of course, that there was that much money in the bank in their joint account and that by the simple act of drawing a check, the coveted piece of furniture might be hers.

Suddenly she turned her back upon it. She must go home while resolve was still high within her. Turning to Georgia she said brightly, "If you're ready to go now, I'll carry one of the vases."

MARGOT thought better of herself all afternoon. She had really withstood temptation in a noble way. When Perry arrived home promptly at six-thirty, she greeted him laughingly with, "You'll have to take time out to pat my shoulder. I came dreadfully near to breaking my resolution today—*and didn't.*"

"That's a good girl," Perry beamed. "As a matter of fact, I have been mentally patting my own back all the way home. Martin asked me to stay and meet a customer—some old stiff from the country, but I gracefully handed the job over to James and here I am, "Perry-on-the-spot," right on time for dinner.

"By the way," he said, when dinner had been disposed of and they were cozily seated in front of the living room fire," you didn't tell me what your good deed was for today. Did you pass up one of

those powder puff jars that plays a tune when you take off the lid or a new canary to replace the one that Dinah proved to be so fond of?"

"Nothing so trivial, I assure you," Margot answered with dignity. "I had a chance to get a perfectly stunning secretary at the Rossiter's auction sale. You know, one of those combination things we've been wanting so long, but I steeled my heart against it and our bank balance is still intact."

"Oh, Margot," cried Perry, "you surely didn't?"

"Well, of course I did. I only had six dollars. I couldn't possibly get it without going over my allowance. That was your own very firmly put idea, wasn't it?"

"Oh, I know. But in a case like this, when I have been wanting one so badly—couldn't you have used some sense!"

"*Sense,*" broke in Margot, on the verge of tears.

"Oh, I'm sorry," said Perry contritely. "Of course it was splendid of you to pass it up. I know you don't enjoy having my stuff clutter up the whole house any more than I do. I just spoke hastily because I was so disappointed. Let's forget it, dear."

WHEN Perry came home for dinner the following evening, his face wore an expression of such an odd mixture of pain and penitence that Margot exclaimed, "What in the world is the matter, Perry?"

He placed both hands on her shoulders and asked solemnly. "Do you believe that honest confession is good for the soul?"

"If the confession is to your wife and the soul your own—absolutely," she answered with a twinkle.

"Well then—the old stiff from the country that I wouldn't stay to see last night left the biggest order that the company has received so far this year. The commissions would have bought you —"

"Never mind," Margot interrupted. "Let's not harrow up our souls by going into that."

"Do you think," asked Perry, "that it would be very great folly to make resolutions in April?"

"Our New Year's resolutions didn't prove so very wise," answered Margot," perhaps new ones in April wouldn't be so foolish."

"Here goes then—We resolve that Margot will not go over her monthly allowance and that Perry will come home promptly for dinner, with c e r t a i n exceptions, namely:"

"Never mind, dear. Just leave it at "with certain exceptions," Margot finished.

"Alright. And now when do we eat?"

"The eternal masculine," Margot murmured. "We eat right now and for desert we'll have hasty pudding and humble pie."

Address

Remarks of President Heber J. Grant at the Relief Society Conference, Thursday, September 30, 1937

I AM happy to be here this afternoon. This is a marvelous audience. I doubt very much if in any other land or clime an audience of this kind and size could be gathered from the same number of people that you represent.

I have an abiding and perfect faith in the Latter-day Saints, and a perfect and abiding faith in the triumph of this great country of ours. It is a land choice above all other lands, so the Lord has declared. I am thoroughly converted to the fact that in no other part of the world except America could the Church of Jesus Christ have been again established on the earth. We should be proud of our heritage, and each and every one of us should be proud beyond our power of expression that God has seen fit to give to us the Gospel of His Son Jesus Christ—the plan of life and salvation—not only the plan of life and salvation in the great hereafter, but that which gives us the laws that if observed in this life will bring health and vigor of body and of mind to us.

I have often said to you good sisters in meeting here, that it fell to my lot to be so intimately associated with the Relief Society from boyhood until my mother retired after thirty odd years' service as president of the Thirteenth Ward Relief Society, that I am almost entitled to be called a charter member of the organization. Had it not been for her loss of hearing, I am sure my mother would have been perfectly willing to continue to labor for the advancement of the Relief Society, unless it was deemed wisdom for her to retire.

There is absolutely no doubt in my mind that the statement, "It is more blessed to give than to receive" is from God our Heavenly Father. There is no doubt in my mind that the giver shall be had in remembrance before the Lord.

I think that the Relief Society has done and is doing today a very remarkable work in this Church, and their work is appreciated very much by the First Presidency of the Church and each and all of the General Authorities.

NOW the Church is receiving world-wide publicity. This has not only been complimentary and laudatory, but to tell you the truth it has been far, far overdone. We have been given more credit by far than we deserve. We are attempting to get our people not to be satisfied to take charity, if it is possible for them to earn their own living, and even to be ready and willing to make some sacrifice, even though they might be offered a little more in charity than they could earn themselves; we do want them to earn what they receive.

We are told we have to earn our bread "by the sweat of the brow." I believe there may be a disposition on the part of some Latter-day Saints to say, "Well, after we get to be sixty-five, we will not have to work any more." I want this body of good sisters to know that I have done just as much work for the past sixteen years, since I passed sixty-five, as I ever did before, and with the blessing of the Lord, if he will let me stay here another fifteen or sixteen years—which I doubt—I want to do just as much, if not a little more, than I have done in the last sixteen years. I am a firm believer that work does not kill anyone, but

that laziness does kill a man at an early age. There should be in the heart of every man and woman, the cry, "I am going to live. There is nothing given to me but time in which to live, and I am going to endeavor each day of my life to do some labor which will be acceptable in the sight of my Heavenly Father, and if it is possible, do a little better today than I did yesterday."

I am delighted with the wonderful publicity that has been given and the favorable reports that are being made about our Security Program. At the same time we have to work, and work hard, and more and more diligently, and do our duty better, or we are not going to live up to the reputation that we now have. Our reputation has been so bad in the past that many people felt we were worthy of the same treatment as the Savior, that we ought to be crucified. Today our reputation is getting to be fine, and perhaps better than some of us deserve to have. The Presidency are very anxious indeed, as are all the General Authorities, that to the very best of our ability we live up to our reputation.

I should like to repeat the last sentence from the message of the First Presidency:* "That each individual family shall be helped in its efforts to help itself." There are many Latter-day Saints today who are actually accepting relief, and they own land. They should cultivate it. I thank the Lord for a Relief Society mother, devoting her time by working with a needle and thread to support herself and me, when bread was good many a time in our home without butter, because we could not buy any butter. We went to bed early (and no boy wants to go to bed early) night after night because we had plenty of bed-clothes, but no fuel. My mother managed to buy a ton of coal when I was a boy, and it cost $30.00. We also sawed wood for fuel, but quite frequently we did not have the wood to saw.

Upon one occasion, when it was raining, the rain was coming into our home through the roof that leaked. Mother had a pan on the floor to catch the water. Bishop Woolley came in and saw the pans on the floor, and he said:

"Why, widow Grant, I will put a new roof on this house of yours at once, and I shall take the money from the fast-day donations."

Mother said, "Bishop Woolley, you shall do nothing of the kind. When I finish this little piece of sewing that I am working on, I will buy a few shingles and patch the holes in the roof. This place is not worth a new roof, but I am going to keep it without any help from the Relief Society or the Bishopric until my boy can build me a new home."

The Bishop went away and said he was sorry for Widow Grant if she had to wait for that boy of hers to build her a home, for he was surely the laziest boy in the Thirteenth Ward.

We cannot always tell what boys or anybody else will amount to. If a boy has a good mother he is apt to be just like her, and if the mother works early and late, the boy is very apt to work early and late too. As a boy I worked many times until midnight, and even until one o'clock in the morning. The Bishop christened me "lazy" because I spent days, weeks, and months throwing a ball against the back of his barn, when he thought I ought to be doing something of value. Thank the Lord for a mother who encouraged her boy's ambitions, even in playing ball, as well as in work. Being an only child

*Note: The message of the First Presidency referred to in this article was published in the November issue of the Relief Society Magazine.

I was raised like a hothouse plant, and when I joined the baseball club my official name was "Sissy." I remember that I said I would play in the nine that won the championship in the Territory of Utah, and I did it, but I had to practice throwing the ball at the Bishop's barn while in the process of learning to play ball.

Now, I absolutely know if some people would farm their land they could live, and live well, but they will not farm it, because they can get more if they remain on the farming dole.

The story has been told of a banker who was approached by one of these good people for a loan. He said: "Certainly. I have often loaned you money, and will be glad to do so again, if you will give me a mortgage on your crop."

The man replied: "Oh, I am not raising any crops, but I will give you an order on 'Uncle Sam.' I get more money by being on the dole."

That kind of spirit is not the spirit that should belong to a Latter-day Saint. I hope that is just a story. It seems almost incredible to me that anybody could make such a statement, but I have it from the mouths of presidents of Stakes that there are individuals in their stakes and communities who are "lying down", when, if they would farm their land they could take care of themselves.

SO far as cigarettes are concerned —a person is really and truly not using good judgment who will smoke cigarettes or anything else. Why? Because he is just simply burning up money, exactly the same as though he took the money itself and burned it. He is injuring his physical and mental capacity as well. Those who smoke are to a certain extent destroying those fine qualities of manhood and womanhood—courtesy and kindness. You know that years ago when traveling by train there would be certain sections set aside for smokers; now I would be glad if there was a place for non-smokers. I would be much obliged if there were a small part of the diner where I could go and not have four young girls behind me and two in front smoking cigarettes. I have seen men who smoke whose hands trembled so that they could hardly sign their names. The cigarette creates an appetite for itself, and the habit of smoking cigarettes is one of the hardest and most difficult things in the world to overcome. It is absolutely no good morally, intellectually, physically, or in any other way.

The Lord has said: "In consequence of evils and designs which do and will exist in the hearts of conspiring men in the last days, I have warned you, and forewarn you, by giving unto you this word of wisdom by revelation." It is the will of the Lord to us as a people. Every father and mother should make it their particular business to set an example worthy of emulation in keeping the Word of Wisdom, then the children are free to do as they wish, and if they do not keep the commandment, there will be no charge laid to the parents.

I REJOICE in the Gospel. I rejoice in being able to say to you good sisters, than whom there are no better people, you are the salt of the earth. The women in the Church have been more faithful than the men have been, and they are noted for being more faithful and energetic, and always have been, than the men. There seems to be something in the very nature of women which is finer, sweeter, better, and more lovable than we men have.

My dear sisters, you know as you know that you live, that there is nothing in all the world that is the

equal of this Gospel. You have never heard of any Latter-day Saint missionary in all your lives who ever found that some other Gospel was better.

I have for fifty-seven long years been working in this Church—two years as President of a Stake, and fifty-five years this identical month as an Apostle of the Lord Jesus Christ, and I want to bear my testimony that during the fifty-seven years I have never found anything in this Gospel of Jesus Christ that has in the least weakened my testimony as to the divinity of the work in which we are engaged.

I have a desire to bear my testimony. I want to say that it has been the joy of my life that in England, Ireland, Scotland, Wales, Germany, France, Belgium, Holland, Switzerland, Czecho-Slovakia, Norway, Sweden, Denmark, Canada, Mexico, from Portland, Maine, to Portland, Oregon, in the Hawaiian Islands, and in far-off Japan, to have been privileged to bear my testimony that I know, as I know that I live, that God lives, that Jesus is the Christ, the Son of the Living God, the Redeemer of the world, that Jesus is our Savior, the head of our Church, and that Joseph Smith was a prophet of the true and living God, and that Brigham Young, John Taylor, Wilford Woodruff, Lorenzo Snow and Joseph F. Smith were also prophets of the true and the living God.

May God help me and you and every soul who has that knowledge of the divinity of the work in which we are engaged to live it so that others, seeing our good deeds, may be led to accept the plan of life and salvation, is my humble prayer, and I ask it in humility, in the name of my Redeemer and Savior, Amen.

TO PRESIDENT HEBER J. GRANT

By Gladys Quayle

To England's shores a Prophet comes,
Without the sound of beating drums;
No pomp and show will be displayed—
In plainest garb he'll be arrayed—
This messenger of God.

The Saints for him have waited long;
Now listen to their joyous song,
As they proclaim with hearts sincere
The Prophet whom they love so dear,
The oracle of God.

As Prophets spake in days gone by
With simple speech—their hearts draw nigh,
And in this glorious latter day
Unite to hear him truth portray,
Blest mouthpiece of their God.

With head erect, and eyes aglow,
With hair as white as driven snow;
In all humility he'll stand
His life a testimony grand,
A holy man of God.

*First Prize Centennial Poetry Contest. Courtesy *Millennial Star*.

President Grant In Holland and Scandinavia

By Ramona W. Cannon

AFTER the Centennial Conference in England, President Grant made a trip of three and a half weeks' duration to Holland, Hamburg, Sweden, and Norway, holding meetings in large halls which were filled to capacity. Perhaps no one in Zion can fully understand what it means to the European Saints to see and hear the President, for whom they feel a veneration almost like that due a heavenly visitor. "One of a city and two of a family," they are accustomed to gather in small groups, frequently in cold and unattractive meeting houses, a mere handful of scattered people, fighting the battle alone, with the rest of their world against them. From these large gatherings of Saints, friends and strangers, emanated a sense of belonging to something in which one could feel pride. The individuals absorbed a stimulating feeling of group power. In the opinion of President Clark, this uplift, this urge to go forward was the greatest result of the thronged Centennial in England.

President Grant's trip afforded him opportunity to dedicate the beautiful new chapel in Esbjerg, Denmark; to meet the presidents of missions, all the missionaries laboring in these countries, newspaper men, Saints and friends; also to consider chapel facilities, needed repairs, or changes. On an average he spoke an hour at each meeting. On Sundays two gatherings were held, except in Esbjerg where there were three. Missionary and public meetings were also held on week days.

Naturally on a trip of this kind, President Grant and those who were fortunate enough to accompany him, absorbed joy from the beautiful scenery of the countries through which they passed, and information about their various customs and social conditions. Every day was crowded with interest, but in each country certain things stand out in memory with particular vividness.

IN ROTTERDAM, Mr. Max Hirschfeld, representative of one of the steamship lines, who had been entertained by President Grant in Salt Lake twelve years ago, gave a dinner for him in a private room in a hotel. The centerpieces of deep pink roses with an intermixture of other flowers of harmonizing tints, was unusually effective, and the table was elaborately laid with cutlery. With some apprehension we observed at the point of each knife the array of sparkling wine and liqueur glasses usual to a formal European dinner. Also from silver bowls of ice on a serving table extended the slender necks of bottles. When we were seated, the host arose and made a charming speech of welcome. He recalled Salt Lake vividly, remembered the number of his room at the Hotel Utah, the luncheon he had with President Grant, and an interview with a representative of the Deseret News. He drew from his pocket an old copy of the paper which carried his photograph and the interview. Meanwhile the waiters were serving about twelve varieties of hors d'oeuvres from a small

wooden steamship, a sloop, and a sea creature, with smoke stacks, antennae, and other trimmings made of tiny tomatoes, olives, fruits, etc. Glass number one was being filled. "You will try some orange juice?" urged Mr. Hirschfeld. With true continental leisure the dinner continued, course after course, beautifully served, for three hours, well seasoned with the attic salt of conversation. Strawberry, cherry, grape, and a mixed fruit juice were served in order, and coffee was omitted, Mr. Hirschfeld, the perfect host, remembered that there are several things in which "Mormons" do not indulge.

We had another delightful taste of Dutch hospitality in the home of a friend of the Church, who sprinkled our handkerchiefs with eau de Cologne as we entered, showed us her miniature back garden with flowers, lily pond, and a little tree in the center of a grass plot surrounded by a neatly trimmed hedge about nine inches high. Our hostess spoke quaintly of Sister Grant and Sister Lyman as their husbands' queens, and she served a dinner from some cherished recipes, which was certainly to the queen's taste.

INTERESTING and impressive were all of our experiences, yet most impressive was the light of the Gospel shining in the faces of the large congregations who were sitting in the presence of God's representative on earth, probably for the only time in their lives. There are things which President Grant, or those who were with him will never forget: The touching beauty of greetings and farewells at stations and meetings; the Danish folk speaking in deep voices and with slightly accented English, "Welcome to Denmark! Come again soon;" the burst of beautiful singing from the choirs, with some songs sung in English in each country; the offerings of fruit and flowers; the speeches accompanying presentation of flowers in the services at Church.

Perhaps a composite of all these speeches, made in different countries and branches, but always in English would be as follows:

"Dear President Grant, All our lives we have heard about you. We have sung about you, and prayed for you. We have seen many photographs of you and have dreamed about you. Never did we expect to see you in this life, and to be face to face with you, and have the privilege of shaking your hand. All this has come to pass. We thank you for making your long journey to visit us. We thank you for your kind words of inspiration and testimony. Never can we forget this occasion, and we pray that God may bless you with health and strength and inspiration and a safe return journey."

NO BEAUTY IS

By Anna Prince Redd

(Awarded First Prize in the Eliza Roxey Snow Poetry Contest)

In my orchard still the shadows deep
Held every living thing in sleep;
No cricket chirped, no bird-mate called:
The silence held me. Quite enthralled
I waited with my breath at bay,
And listened for the sounds of coming day.
A fragrant, feathery little breeze
Stole softly through the blossomed trees
Scattering petals, like fine-spun lace,
Across my eager, upturned face.

Born of the stillness, scarcely heard,
A rhythmic, haunting murmur stirred.
My ear, attuned, caught up the sound
Of that faint music newly found.
It came, was lost, and came again,
Like softly falling autumn rain
Gently dripping from the trees
Upon a bed of rustling leaves.
How could my heart have missed the rhyme
Of water falling all the time?

But lo! The ecstasy of coming light
Dispels the mystic, dreamy night!
The wind springs up in sudden rush
Spills from its nest a singing thrush,
While changing colors one by one
Herald the coming of the sun!
At once the dew on new-green grass
Is turned to beads of colored glass,
And myriads of questing bees
Are pilfering my orchard trees!

And there above me, bathed in light,
Timpanogos rears its silvery height
Nature's benediction to bestow
Upon the valley far below,
On every lovely, living thing
That nestles at its feet in Spring . . . . .
There is no silence so profound
But part of it is made of sound:
No beauty is, of sky or sod,
But all of it is made of God.

ANNA PRINCE REDD

Ingenious Jane

By Lottie Hammer Singley

JANE vigorously turned the meat grinder as she gazed from her immaculate cream and yellow kitchen window. The wind had been playing hide and seek with the leaves all day, and dark clouds hung low, giving a chill to the autumn air that made one feel the certainty of winter just around the corner. The wind shook the snow-white curtains and made the appliqued designs dance inside as the colorful autumn leaves did outside.

Jane was a tiny thing, possessing more determination and stick-to-it-iveness than most two-hundred pound Scotchmen. Tucked within her was a philosophy of life enviable to the most astute. She was imbued with a power of meeting adversity equaled by few, envied by many. Crystallized to these characteristics and virtues was a strong unwavering faith and a highly developed mother love.

She was preparing the evening meal. There had been a time when it had consisted of from two to four courses. The last few years, however, circumstances had reduced the Harringtons from "T-bone steaks" to their present level of "stew". Her nose unconsciously went up as she emptied the left-over cabbage into the steaming brown mixture of meat and vegetables, for this was the third time this week for its return engagement and the week was yet young.

In Jane's mind there were three convincing arguments for its return: Its nutritive value; its savory odor, which did have a cheering effect on a cold blustery night, and of this her husband was badly in need; and last because there was nothing else to cook.

She shook the grate vigorously. The old dependable Majestic boomed forth with its best efforts, throwing a cheerful glow about the kitchen from its open door. She hurriedly placed the kettle on the front part of the stove, and busied herself about putting the kitchen in order. This done she hung her blue and white checked apron on a peg back of the door, tidied her hair and went into the living room to look over the mail.

A pile of letters lay upon the table. She took from it a large imposing brown envelope, opened it and read, "Six dollars overdraft." Six dollars had never seemed so much to Jane. With their five years' savings gone and Bobby's shoes having a way of doing the same thing at the wrong time, with winter coming on and only a few buckets of coal left, and groceries—well, to be exact, the cupboard was bare. "Why all this worry," soliloquized Jane. "Hasn't Mr. Crawford promised John something, even if it isn't just what he would like. We will just have to put our pride behind us. Things are picking up. Everybody says so. The radio is continually announcing big business increases."

With renewed hope, she opened the four remaining envelopes. She lay their contents out carefully before her. One hundred and forty dollars that must be paid. The butcher, the baker, the candlestick maker, only this time it was

the doctor, the coal man, the grocer and taxes.

A lusty wail from the bedroom sent her scurrying, to appear again with arms filled with eighteen pounds of real boy, demanding his bottle with repeated yelps.

At this very moment a sudden clatter on the porch revealed Bobby's presence.

"Mother, I'm in the team. I'm tackle. We won! We simply mobbed 'em!"

"Well, it looks like they simply mobbed you," for Bob's shirt hung in ribbons. "Oh, Bob, it's the only good shirt you have. Change into the one you took off this morning, son, and then pick a bunch of marigolds for the dinner table. They are so cheerful.

JANE knew by John's attitude as he entered that evening that his day's search had been in vain. He was a tall angular man, slow of speech, kind, gentle, reticent, and generally uncomplaining. He and his father had once been established in the manufacturing of soaps, a business which had been handed down from father to son for four generations.

She greeted him cheerily and proceeded to put the dinner on. He had little to say and ate poorly. Jane hurriedly put the children to bed, and as she tucked the pink coverlet over her baby boy and kissed her tousled-headed Bob, she suddenly remembered the need of a shirt at once. There was no chance of a new one. She hurried to the basement and with much difficulty made her way through Father Harrington's soap equipment and into Grandmother's trunk.

What a shame the factory had to have been closed. If things had gone as planned they would be well cared for, and Father Harrington had tried so hard. Life was like that but reminiscing would not supply a new shirt. She rummaged through the old trunk until she found a percale house dress, with mingled apologies and thanks to dear Grandmother.

She returned to the kitchen and with deft fingers fashioned a shirt and the machine was soon humming merrily.

John looked up from his paper with an inquisitive expression. "Well, you haven't asked me how I got on today. I guess you are tired of it, always know the answer ahead of time."

"Not that, dear, just busy. I knew if there were anything important you would tell me."

"There is something important, Jane. I'm desperate. Two years now, with just a day now and then. Our savings are pretty low by now. I have tramped the streets all day. When I ask for work they look as if they would like to knock me down."

"Don't be discouraged, dear. Things are picking up. Only today different radio programs told of big increases in business."

"Picking up! That's good. Pretty near provoked a laugh. I wish they would follow me a day and see the real conditions. Jane, don't mention things picking up to me again! Did it ever occur to you that radios are used for advertising, and to encourage people to spend what little they have to save the advertiser's hides? Picking up! Bah! With the Government threatening to cut off relief and the night's paper showing thousands in this country out of work now."

"But John, you still have Mr. Crawford's word."

"Words don't fill the stomach."

Maybe tomorrow Mr. Crawford will find the very thing for you. He knows how competent you are on soaps and their correct mixtures. And you are the cleverest advertiser alive. You're not just the common run!"

"I wish D. T. was aware of that. You know he thinks I'm just another unemployed."

No matter how Jane tried, the conversation had a bad trend, and the evening a bad end. She turned the collar on John's much faded shirt and retired early to cry herself to sleep. John sat into the wee hours with his head in his hands.

NEXT morning found a scant scattering of snow. John was up early and off by eight to try again.

"Would you step into the corner store when you return tonight and bring me a package of soap?"

"Can't do it, dear, got just enough to get me to Mill Town. See you tonight." He hurriedly kissed her and was on his way.

After Jane had buttoned Bob into his new shirt and had him off to school and baby cared for, she dropped into a chair and assumed a very dejected expression. The baby's laundry was piled high waiting to be done. Soap machinery everywhere, yet not a bit of soap to use. How good it would be to have just a handful of the contents of the huge boxes that were so plentiful in their home before the factory closed. She rummaged through the closets thinking that a box might have slipped back of something. She tumbled things about in good fashion but not a bit could be found. What could she do?

Suddenly with a determined air she marched down the basement steps and with all the strength she could muster lugged a box of fat scraps back to the kitchen. She sank upon a chair feeling exhausted and weak. Tears seemed near the surface. The climbing of the stairs with her heavy load had been too much. A sick, weak feeling swept over her. She struggled to gain her composure. Then she realized the reason for her weakness. Her soul soared away to a higher plane. For the moment she was apart from the earth. She seemed to visualize, and half audibly whispered:

"Two tiny arms are reaching for mine,
Two tiny lips to my lips I'll press;
Two tiny hands in my hair entwine.
A tiny form to cuddle and bless.

Two tiny - - - - -"

The sudden striking of the clock brought her back to reality. "I must tell John. If I knew how he would take it. He is so worried, not being able to do as he would like for us. He loves the other two so! I can hardly wait to see it. Yes, I will tell John tonight. Yes, and I must have soap!"

By ten o'clock she was in the soap business in earnest. She was glad she had majored in chemistry for it was now proving valuable. Seven hours, five tests, and four different grades of soap resulted. That night found her anxious to retire.

When Jane finally broke the news of the "Blessed event," John fairly fumed.

"But John, you were so happy before."

"Times were different then. We're fools to bring little innocent children, we can't provide for, here to suffer with us. We still owe for the baby. He is only thirteen months. What will people say?"

"I don't care what people say. If you don't want him I'll—" Sobs choked her utterance. "Things are picking up. There will be a way."

"The radio says so?" he said, mockingly.

Jane's tears were flowing like flood gates turned loose and John was on his knees beside her, calling himself a brute and begging her forgiveness, trying to explain the condition of his taut nerves. "Of course I'm happy honey. It's just because I can't give you what you deserve, and what I'd like to see you have. You're the best little manager in the world. Of course there'll be a way. If there are any more as sweet as Bob and the baby, we want 'em all!"

TIME fairly flew. John had been able to pick up a little work which had helped materially, but nothing in his line. What a pity to see a round peg in a square hole. Uncomplaining, patient—anything, even pick and shovel, and it went so against him. What a testimony of love for his little family. It seemed almost sacred.

Jane too had done her part. Day after day she had worked perfecting and improving her soap until she had what she said was the best article she had ever used, even superior to that which Grandfather made, in many respects, and she had many ways to give it a good trial.

One evening the sky was overcast with clouds and some seemed to rest on the horizon. A sharp biting wind from the north suddenly sprang up and from its cutting, penetrating effect one knew it had recently traveled over icy glaciers. A beating downpour of icy hail pounded the earth and continued for half an hour. With its fury spent it died into quiet, soft, feathery flakes. The family sat huddled in the kitchen and again the phantom "coal" stalked up in their minds. What would have been a peaceful night, protected from the storm was marred by anxiety of what might come. The security of a food supply in the cellar, coal stored, and money in the bank are great comforts in weather like this!

A blue sky greeted the dawn. A white earth lay shimmering beneath the sun's rays. Crystal spirals hung from the eaves and tiny shining jewels lay on the pure blanket of snow. The earth seemed cleansed and gave new hope and courage to the man to try again.

How desperately he tried, thinking always of Jane—dear courageous, trusting Jane who was always sure there would be a way. At times his strong heart became as lead, and oft the heartsick cry of the soul of a once strong man went up in silence, "Oh, God, what is wrong with me? Don't let her down."

IT WAS dark when he came up the walk after an unusually discouraging day. He was met by his wife with her finger to her lips. She had put the children to bed early and was busy indeed.

On the table lay the necessities—shirts for Bob and a pair of rompers for LeRoy—and last the layette. The piles of fleecy squares and the tiniest dear dresses made mist come to John's eyes.

"How did you do it darling?"

"Flour sacks, and Grandmother's gowns made lovely squares although blue and white stripes are a little addition, and "White Fawn" is still a little bright on some of them. A pair of voile curtains did the dresses with what stitches I could add for decora-

tions. The shirts—an old undershirt of Grandpa's. They'll never know what a blessing the contents of that trunk have been to us."

He came closer to her. "I guess I should feel ashamed that you had to do it, but somehow I'm not. I don't think I was ever so happy in my life." He reverently drew her into his arms.

John began the next day with the lightest heart he had had in many weeks. As he was making his way home through the bustling crowds he was suddenly seized by the shoulder by Dave Dahlstrom, Crawford's representative.

"John Harrington, I've tried this whole day to get you. I've been to your house twice and could find no one."

"That's odd. Jane never goes away."

"Oh, I saw your wife. She said I must see you. I might as well get to business. I want to make the "six-fifty." Boy you're a lucky dog! Didn't take D. T. long to size up those samples. Boy, he's keen about 'em. Says it's the best he's seen. Chemist pronounced them ninety-seven percent pure. With your advertising ability and the radio we ought to put it into every home!"

"What on earth are you talking about, man!"

"Why the soap samples. Oh, I know you're modest," he said as he pulled his watch from his pocket, "but I've got to get going. D. T. has a check for five thousand for you, for the formula. He said to be at his office on the first. Might mean a junior partnership for you old man." Dave darted off through the crowd leaving John aghast. "Your wife gave me the formula at the house," he called back.

JOHN was home in ten minutes, which was record time. His heart was brimming with beautiful things to say to his wife. A nurse met him at the door. "So glad you've come, Mr. Harrington."

The two doctors and nurse worked silently for hours, passing hurriedly from bedroom to kitchen. He was not allowed to enter. In deep anxiety he paced the floor. It was past midnight when the doctor said he might go in.

She looked so white, so very young and defenseless. He quietly approached the bed and knelt beside her. The very room seemed a holy sanctuary. He suddenly realized that he possessed more than the wealth of the earth.

She drew his dark head down to her and a weak voice whispered, "Unto you this day a son is born."

John could not speak but through his tears he thanked God for the greatest gifts, and mingled with praise to God came strong hallelujahs from the lusty lungs of his third son.

Utah State Conference of Social Work

THE Annual Sessions of the Utah State Conference of Social Work were held on the Campus of the University of Utah, November 12 and 13, 1937.

Authorities in specialized fields, and speakers of national prominence discussed subjects of paramount importance. Mr. D. A. Skeen, President of the Conference, gave the opening address. Other outstanding speakers and their subjects were:

"Government and Labor"—Dean Brimhall, Division of Labor Relations W. P. A., Washington, D. C.

"Social Research as a Basis for Social Planning" — Frances Cahn, Assistant Professor of Social Work, School of Social Work, University of Utah.

"Planning for a Community"—Roy Sorenson, National Executive Y. M. C. A., Chicago, Ill.

"Community's Responsibility for Transients"—Miss Bertha McCall, Director of National Association for Travelers' Aid and Transient Service.

Inaugural address for School of Social Work, University of Utah, "Changing Social Institutions"—Professor W. H. Ogburn, University of Chicago.

"Policies and Procedures in Public Assistance" — Ruth O. Blakeslee, Director of Policies and Procedures, Social Security Board, Washington, D. C.

"Relationship of the Public Welfare Program to other Organized Welfare Programs"—Mr. J. W. Gillman, Director, State Department of Public Welfare.

"What the World Faces Today and Tomorrow"—Professor W. H. Ogburn, University of Chicago.

President Louise Y. Robison, with her usual grace and dignity, presided during the closing session of the Conference.

FRIDAY evening was the formal opening of the School of Social Work at the University of Utah. Preceding the meeting a dinner was held, at which the President and Board of Regents of the University of Utah were the hosts. Among the guests of honor were President Louise Y. Robison, and Professor W. H. Ogburn, of the University of Chicago.

President George Thomas presided at the evening session of the Conference, and made the public announcement of the Amy Whipple Evans Fellowship in the School of Social Work, granted by the General Board of Relief Society. The following Provisions are suggested:

1. Applicant must satisfy requirements for admission to the School of Social Work at the University of Utah.

2. Applicant must be a member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.

3. Applicant to be selected by a committee of the Relief Society General Board and Dean of School of Social Work, with special consideration as to personality, character, and scholarship.

4. Applicant's intention shall be to secure a Master's Degree in Social Work, research work to be available to Relief Society General Board.

5. Application must be made on forms which may be obtained from Dean of School of Social Work.

Social Work In An Age of Change

By Dr. Arthur L. Beeley
Professor of Sociology and Dean, School of Social Work,
University of Utah

THE opening of the school of social work at the University of Utah, was marked by an inaugural lecture, November 13, 1937, by America's most distinguished sociologist, Dr. William Fielding Ogburn, of the University of Chicago. The importance of the event and the high quality of Dr. Ogburn's contributions are such as to warrant the publication of a resume of his remarks on that occasion.

I

IT might be well to preface the synopsis of Dr. Ogburn's address by a statement as to the nature and scope of modern social work. Broadly defined, it comprises all of those social arrangements, both public and private, for helping handicapped people of every variety and from whatever cause. It is a non-political, nonsectarian enterprise, managed by an ever-increasing body of professionally trained men and women who believe that the social ills of our time can be made to yield to an unselfish, intelligent, and cooperative attack. The ultimate goal of social work is expressed in Professor John Dewey's famous phrase, "A sound human being in a sound human environment."

In launching its new school of social work, the University of Utah is concerned to prepare competent men and women in Utah and the surrounding states, for the major technical services in this new and growing profession. The curriculum of the school is organized on the graduate level, and it is the intention of the present University administration to build a school which shall not only meet the requirements laid down by the American Association of Schools of Social Work, but shall also conserve and promote the unique traditions of community people in the Rocky Mountain empire.

WILLIAM F. OGBURN
University of Chicago

II

UNDER the title, "Our Changing Social Institutions," Professor Ogburn described the rapid changes that are now taking place in American life; the dislocations incident to the transfer of function

from one social institution to another; and the tasks of modern social work in attempting to cope with these consequences.

Five social institutions of greatest importance were singled out for analysis,—the home, the church, local government, industry, and the state. Most significant for the welfare and personality development of the individual are the recent changes that have occurred in the structure and function of the American home. One by one such functions as formal education, the learning of a trade, recreation, the preparation of food, and the manufacture of clothing, have been successively taken over by industry and government. The inevitable surrender of these functions, the original performance of which brought members of the family into frequent and intimate association with each other, has weakened the family as a social institution and enfeebled its influence upon its members. This inevitable change has resulted in a cleavage of the individual's loyalty to a number of other institutions and other groups. One of the most unfortunate losses arising out of these changes is the loss of intimacy among members of the family group.

These losses of family function and the corresponding enlargement of industry and the growth of public education have been due, in large part, to the development of science and invention. The applications of steam and electricity to the manufacture of food, clothing, and raw materials, are the fundamental forces which have caused the transfer of function from one social institution to another. Regrettable as these losses are, their consequences must be faced and adjusted to.

Professor Ogburn dealt briefly with the changing functions of the church and showed that in the middle ages, for instance, the church not only ministered to the spiritual needs of the individual, but also dispensed charity and looked after the sick. The church, like the family, however, has now been forced to surrender the education and medical care of its members to other social institutions, chiefly to the state.

The rapid expansion of modern industry, according to Dr. Ogburn, is due, primarily, to the invention of mechanical power, and to the growth of systems of communication and forms of transportation. These developments, in turn, have produced the modern city and the metropolitan supercommunity of our day. These vast aggregations of people, concentrated in comparatively small centers, make it impossible for the individual to enjoy the status and the intimacy that normally characterized his life in the small community. This lack of intimacy in urban life has resulted in an overemphasis upon the externals in personality, such as dress and personal appearance, with a corresponding neglect of character and the finer values. The greater prevalence of vice and crime in urban communities can thus be understood.

Of all the dislocations produced by our changing social institutions, however, none are so significant and far-reaching as those produced in the form and scope of government. The rapid expansion of industry, and the evolution of mass production, for instance, have produced such wide fluctuations in prosperity, that interven-

tion on the part of government has been necessary in order to avert a total collapse of our social economy. The aggregation of capital and the evolution of corporate bodies has given rise to government control and intervention, in the interests of the general welfare. The very structure of the state is challenged by these enlarging units of business enterprise.

American industry and commerce are no longer confined to state boundaries. The intricate network of our present machinery of production and distribution could never have developed under the rigid control of local or of state government. Thus it is that there has been a rapid transfer of governmental control from the local community to the state, and from the state to the federal government. These transitions, however, are as yet incomplete; they call for a program of social engineering and superior statecraft which many political-minded persons are reluctant to approve.

This unevenness or "lag" in our cultural development creates innumerable problems which it is the business of social work to overcome and to eliminate. In such a society, according to Dr. Ogburn, national governments are bound to become stronger and stronger. His apparent leaning toward fascism, however, was more in the nature of a sociological prophecy than it was a personal wish.

III

IN a second lecture, "What America Faces To-day and To-morrow", delivered before the Utah State Conference of Social Work on Saturday, November 14, Dr. Ogburn dealt with a number of immediate and practical considerations arising out of the recent depression. He was not very optimistic about the permanence of our so-called recovery; the load of unemployment, and the surplus of population are far too large, he believes, to justify any feeling of security, unless plans for a revival of the "heavy" industries are launched forthwith.

The outlook for American agriculture, in Professor Ogburn's judgment, is by no means a rosy one. Price-fixing arrangements and crop-production schemes, he thinks, are of little value in view of the far-reaching consequences of the increasing application of machinery to agriculture. The social and economic consequences of the tractor and the mechanical cotton-picker, for instance, are disturbing to contemplate.

In concluding his remarks, Professor Ogburn paid tribute to President Roosevelt's ideal of "a national minimum", as a worthy goal toward which social work and political action should be consciously moving. The question: What constitutes a minimum standard of living for the great masses of America, is itself a challenging consideration. More difficult than that, however, will be the reorganization of our social, economic, and political life so as to produce, for all concerned, this national minimum of decency and social justice.

110805

Good Health and Nutrition

By Jean Cox

IN ORDER to understand optimum health or better than average well being, it is well to consider factors which contribute to good health and also determine to a relative degree, what is good health. Is it being able to be around better than when you were acknowledged ill? Is it the ability to work when continually prodded? Is it a fair appetite when foods meet your fancy? Does good health mean restless, fitful sleep or elimination prodded by frequent use of drugs? Good health is zest for living. It means pleasure in work and a desire to continue additional activity in different kinds of play which provide pleasurable satisfaction and contribute to well being.

A person in optimum health is neither physically nor nervously exhausted at the end of an average day. He enjoys food. He is not concerned over his own physical or mental condition. The perfectly well person builds friendships and enjoys social diversions because he has sufficient energy for these activities which contribute so much to desirable human relationships. The person in optimum health has a fine wholesome outlook on life and is willing to cooperate with and help those who need assistance.

FOR improved health standards much credit is due the medical profession. The work of bio-chemists and nutrition experts has also raised the standards of good health. Careful experimentation has provided much positive information on the close relationship of food and well being. While the first experimental studies in nutrition twenty years or more ago dealt largely with deficiency diseases such as scurvy, it is interesting to note that renewed attention is being given to the study of diet-deficient diseases in order to determine other diseases and disease symptoms which result from lack of vitamins A, B, C, and D.

Experimental studies receive painstaking consideration in many of the universities and colleges in the United States as well as in many centers of learning in foreign countries. Unlike more exact sciences new findings often upset previous conclusions regarding source and function of the somewhat elusive, although fairly definite, vitamins A, B, C, D, and E. However, well trained men and women by hard persistent effort are finding means of solving the difficult unexpected problems and are making research in the fields of animal nutrition of special benefit to humans. Careful study of the fact-finding experiments which have been required to give light on new questions in nutrition or further substantiate older beliefs, inspires the layman to appreciate the almost endless labor of those who work so earnestly to improve the health standards of the individual and race.

SCURVY is one of the oldest nutritional diseases. It has been recognized for several centuries. James Lind in 1854 wrote a book on scurvy which gave symptoms and cures. He found that people living on low cost diet without fresh fruits and vegetables developed this disease. Sometimes practically all the sailors on sailing vessels were disabled from this diet deficiency. Lind found that the use of raw potatoes,

cabbage, and lemon or lime juice would cure as well as prevent this painful malady. However, with the better knowledge of the function of food, there are few epidemics of scurvy at the present time. In some cases poor food habits or idiosyncrasies of the individual may cause it.

Deficiency of vitamin C in varying amounts results in some degree of scurvy. The term vitamin C is frequently replaced with the term ascorbutic acid which some research workers prefer. Lack of sufficient amount of ascorbutic acid results in soreness of gums, and in advanced stages teeth become loose. Very often there is muscular soreness.

While it is comparatively easy to say that vitamins are chemical substances, it is difficult to fully appreciate results of vitamin deficiencies in diets over weeks, months and years. Diets low in vitamins result in lowered resistance, increased difficulty in throwing off infection and most important, in young children normal growth rate is inhibited and very often normal maturity deferred. It is difficult to fully sense the importance of these mystery food elements.

Vitamins are food accents according to present standards and like dress accessories are necessary for the completed whole. Unlike dress accessories they are not visible to the eye, yet they are required in a satisfactory meal. As far as known they have no odor.

In a health sense vitamins more than any other food division or class represent the mystery of menu building. No matter how elaborate or simple the menu may be it is not health producing without the required vitamins A, B, C, D, and E. These alphabetical names of potent food substances are tremendously important if one's aim is optimum health and well being.

Among the best sources of vitamin C are citrus fruits, green peppers, raw spinach, strawberries, and tomatoes fresh or cold packed. Recent discoveries indicate that green bell peppers afford a very rich source of vitamin C. Students of nutrition in England have succeeded in extracting ascorbutic acid or vitamin C from bell peppers and predict that this source will become a real competitor of citrus fruits for this valuable food material. Other good sources are apricots, bananas, cantaloups, watermelon, peaches, fresh or canned pineapple, raspberries, raw cabbage, raw onions, peas, radishes, string beans, raw turnips, water cress, parsley, and apples if not stored too long. Juice of raw turnips and cabbage may be substituted for orange juice for vitamin C in feeding young children.

WHILE fever diets are often deficient in vitamin A, this vitamin also needs consideration. Lack of it is shown in lowered resistance, imperfect growth and shortened span of life. Eye sickness results when the diet is deficient in vitamin A. One of the most common results is night blindness. Persons living in isolated camps where it is possible to obtain only a restricted diet, often cannot see the stars. This is often the difficulty when persons have trouble in driving at night. Prolonged deficiency of vitamin A results in more serious eye sickness. Use of milk and milk products will prevent this trouble. One of the functions of vitamin A is that it helps build resistance of the tissues of the eye, ear, nose and throat against infections of different kinds. Vitamin A is present in green leaf vegetables, tomatoes, and whole grains. Other excellent sources are: butter, cream, full cream cheese, egg yolk, liver, fish liver oils, kale, carrots, apricots, and prunes. Good

sources are whole milk, bananas, cantaloup, cherries, dates, pineapple, hubbard squash, yellow corn, pumpkins, sweet potatoes, kidneys, artichokes, broccoli, lettuce, green peppers, green beans, green leaves of cabbage.

ATTENTION should also be given to foods containing vitamin B in order that the appetite vitamin be included in every menu. This vitamin stimulates the appetite as well as aids in digestive processes and promotes growth. Excellent sources of vitamin B are: wheat germ, yeast extracts, dried brewers yeast, whole grain and bran, cereals and bread, egg yolks and turnip greens. Good sources are: milk, liver, kidney, nuts, bananas, citrus fruits, pineapple, raspberries, dried beans and legumes, carrots, corn, sweet potatoes, tomatoes, cabbage, kale, lettuce, peas, spinach, string beans, and turnips. Meats and potatoes also contain some vitamin B.

Vitamin D, or the sunshine vitamin, is found in dairy products and eggs produced by animals in sunny pens. It is also found in salmon, oysters, and clams. These food sources can be supplemented by getting out into direct sunlight. Exposure of hands and ear lobes to the sun is approximately the equivalent of a small dose of cod liver oil.

NUTRITIONISTS agree that food consumption of only minimum indispensible nutrients will not produce optimum well being. Unquestionably there should be fewer "border-line" health cases which result from inadequate foods. In a country where food is plentiful there should be fewer undernourished children and ailing adults as a result of either ignorance or poverty.

Inadequate diets leave their devastating result in stunted bodies, crooked bones, and imperfect teeth. Unhealthy nerves detract from normal pleasures of childhood. Poor physical health too often places children in school below their normal mental group. Adequate foods and improved living conditions result in repair of nerve and of the sheath around nerves. Children more than adults need protein of milk and of eggs to help maintain protein balance. This mixture of phosphorized fats is also necessary for healthy nerves.

There is a present need for renewed interest in nutrition problems as faulty economic conditions have necessarily resulted in lowered standards in nutrition.

If you desire optimum health, check the average day's menus against the best sources of different vitamins listed. If some of the best food sources are not found in each day's menus, it may be wise to change the manner of spending food money. Frown down upon food dislikes, because warped or one-sided diets are less adequate than balanced ones. If a child objects to one of the essential foods, avoid an issue and substitute another food containing the same elements or serve the food in different form. In case of allergy, don't repeat food for a year, as the tendency may be outgrown during that period. Be open minded to improved health standards and nutrition findings. Unquestionably a greater proportion of adults and children should have more zest for living.

VESTA PIERCE CRAWFORD

MEMORIAL ON THE PLAINS

By Vesta Pierce Crawford

(Awarded Second Prize in the Eliza Roxey Snow Poetry Contest)

No chiseled stone has marked this burial place,
No greening square of damp and shaven lawn,
Nor bud nor bloom upon the mounded space,
No path where long remembering steps have gone;
Here only comes the wind in lingering mood
And storm of dust and sparse infrequent rain,
Oh here are loneliness and solitude,
No mourner comes this desolate way again;

It is by chance I bend the prairie grass
And bow my head in silent memory here,
Yet shall these sentient moments as they pass
Be tribute to your faith, oh Pioneer,
For now my weak and doubting heart has found
A valiant courage from this hallowed ground!

The Children's Reading

By Florence Ivins Hyde

NO. I—RHYTHMIC PERIOD

"Could we give one gift to every child
We should choose the love of books."*
—*William Fredrick Bigelow.*

THERE is nothing a child ever learns afterward which will enter into his essence of being as the stories told by his mother. Nothing else so intimately binds children and mother together." This is the conclusion of a woman who has spent her life in the study of children.

The experiments of scientists and psychologists of today point to the fact that human destiny is largely shaped by the nurture or neglect of infancy and early childhood. There is truth in the old saying, "Give me the child until he is seven and I care not who has him afterward."

Important as we feel the school is in this item of training, the influence of the mother, father and family largely determines the making or the marring of our children, for the greater part of every 24 hours belongs to the home. While the father is important, the mother is fundamental in assuring the stability and success of her children. The home is undoubtedly the greatest single influence during the early years of childhood.

IT is the opinion of many wise and thoughtful teachers that more than any other influence does the home *reading* of a child determine his destiny. How, then, may we create a taste for good reading and cultivate the habit of reading in the right manner? For all parents who would really know books in their relation to growing children, it is a good thing to go back to the spirit of their own childhood and get a first-hand knowledge of books. There is no more pleasant hobby, for it carries one into the realm of literature, one of the richest of storehouses and one that is never outgrown.

Books may be ornaments, tools, or friends. Why not begin right away to use them to develop the æsthetic and moral side of our children. It is a law of learning that we will learn those things which give us the most satisfaction. Our problem, then, is to give the thing we feel our children need in the way that interests them.

One of the surest ways to achieve this end is to teach with stories. Everyone loves a story. It was Christ's method of teaching the fundamental principles of Christianity.

At the age of two or three the child needs stories short and simple in plot. Mother Goose rhymes, of course, stir the imagination and train the rhythmic sense. Mrs. Mitchell's collection of "Here and Now Stories"—told by children themselves, about their own adventures—are of the right sort. This age calls for plenty of animal stories which develop sympathy for animal friends.

By 5 or 6 years of age a child is ready for other good stories, not too long and still simple. He likes plenty of repetition—repetition which is wearisome to adults; but this story telling must go on, never in a sentimental way, but in a soft, clear

*Courtesy "Good Housekeeping Magazine."

voice, in a direct and *natural* manner.

The fairy story now has its place. Not the gruesome tales of giants and ogres, but the type out of which come the influences which sweeten and deepen life. To most children the fairy tale brings the first clear distinction between good and evil, thus awakening and developing a moral sense. Cinderella does this very thing. There is a class of unimaginative people who object to the teaching of fairy tales, preferring to teach useful *facts*. Yet there seems to be something in children which craves the thing that a good fairy story provides. Hear the beauty in the lines of Anderson's "Pea Blossom." This story has a perfect beginning: "There were once five peas in one shell; *they* were green, the shell was green, and so they believed the whole world was green also, which was a very *natural* conclusion." Then the story goes on to tell how after the peas had ripened, they were picked up and shot from a boy's shooter into a crevice near an attic window where lay a sick maiden with no interest in life. One of the peas took root and grew and brought joy and health to the child. Then the story ends: "But as the young maiden stood at the open garret window, with sparkling eyes and the rosy hue of health on her cheeks, she folded her thin hands over the pea blossom and thanked God for what he had done." This like all other good fairy stories contains a great underlying principle of truth. It is the type which gives "wings to your soul." Without imagination life is at best a dreary thing. As we grow older we may forget these imaginative tales, but they have done their work and we pass almost unconsciously from the "Hansel and Gretel" whose joy is in a magic house of sugar plums, to the more practical problems of life.

TOO much emphasis cannot be placed upon poetry. Even at an early age when too young to understand it, a child catches the rhythm of the lines and the sublimity of the thought of a beautiful poem. The story of Hiawatha can be told to a very little child, interspersed with the original lines. Notice the simplicity of this:

"And the rabbit from his pathway
Sat erect upon his haunches . . . .
Saying to the little hunter,
'Do not shoot me, Hiawatha'!"

Note the beauty of this, speaking of the care of Nokomis for Hiawatha:

"Rocked him in his linden cradle,
Bedded soft in moss and rushes;
Stilled his fretful wail by saying,
'Hush! the naked Bear will hear thee'!"

IS IT not possible, with some definite plan, to develop in our children an appreciation for the cultural things of life? Remembering always that,

"As their dreams are, so are they;
They shape in thought what soon they shape in deed.
And what they daily hold within
They grow to be."

Suggested Books:

"Golden Goose Book," by Leslie Brooks, is one of the best picture books for children.

"Anderson's Fairy Tales" has always delighted children.

"The Children's Book," by Horace E. Scudder, is one of the best story collections.

If purchasing but one of the three, "The Children's Book" is recommended.

The Lotus Eater

By Mabel S. Harmer

CHAPTER VIII

SCHOOL began the second week in September and Helen found herself in a whirl of work and excitement such as she had not experienced since she first began to teach.

Her first big assignment was the music festival which was scheduled to take place in October, just one month after the beginning of school. She decided to use an Indian theme and went around home talking so much "Indian" that her brothers declared they were going to get her a blanket and tomahawk and move her out into a tepee.

They were all intensely proud of her, however, when the affair was over and turned out to be what Ted called a "howling success". Every member of the family had given his best efforts to help her and had scoured the town for costumes, properties and scenery until each declared that his friends ran when they saw him coming.

"I hope that next time you'll put on a fairy revel and hand each one a couple of yards of cheesecloth and a bunch of daisies," said Marvin at breakfast the day after the performance. "I am completely worn out."

"You forget that there won't be a next time," laughed Helen, "but if there were I should be tempted to follow your suggestion."

The two boys shuffled off to their customary Saturday holiday revels and Helen and Nina were left alone at the breakfast table. "I do think is was sweet of Wendell to get in and help me the way he did last night," Helen continued after the boys had left. "He is so dependable, isn't he?"

"Oh, yes," assented Nina, with a shrug of her shoulders, "Wendell is thoroughly dependable and er—'sweet' as you say."

"And is that anything against him?" Helen was moved by her sister's tone to inquire.

"No. Only I want more than mere dependability in a man." Nina spoke in a low tone as if partly to herself. "I want romance and thrills and everything!"

"Well, my dear, I hope you get 'everything'," said Helen seriously and then added in a lighter tone as she arose from the table, "perhaps you will, if you don't get in too big of a hurry."

FOR the first time now Dan began to urge her to return home. He reminded her that travel through the mountains would become very difficult, not to say dangerous, after the snow fell. Helen realized this also and decided to have a thorough understanding with Mr. Winters at once as to how much longer they intended to have her teach. When she approached him upon the matter he said, "I have been talking this over with the members of the board and they are most anxious to have you stay for the rest of the school year. You have made such an excellent beginning here and the festival was so successful that they are willing to make it very much worth your while to finish out the school year."

Helen shook her head dubiously. "I'll let you know soon," she said, half wishing that he had not put the temptation before her again. Within a short time she had decided that she

might as well stay a few months longer and wrote Dan to this effect.

His reply almost shook her decision to stay. He wrote, "My dear, long ago I fought against falling in love with you because I was afraid that you would not be able to face life out in this rugged country. It is alright for the ones who have lived here always but I knew that it wouldn't be fair to expect you to make a go of it. Well, you made a brave try and if you don't come back, I can't blame you too much. I shall love you always. Dan."

The letter left her in tears and she was about to pack up and rush back to him but she had given her word to stay now and on thinking it over she decided that it was better all the way around if she did stay and accomplish what she had set out to do. With the extra money she could save from an entire year's teaching she could do no end of things to the ranch house. She even visualized a bathroom with green marble fixtures. Surely a year was not too much to sacrifice when it would mean so much to her in the end. Even Dan must be persuaded to see it that way.

Having made up her mind to stay, Helen went vigorously ahead with plans for the year's work. She would have been extremely happy in her teaching if she had had Dan's approval but she was quite sure that she could convince him that she had been justified in remaining when she had an opportunity to talk the matter over with him.

IT WAS the week following her decision to remain for the winter that Helen came home one day to find Danny gone. He was left in the charge of his grandmother during the day and had never before shown any inclination to leave the place without some member of the family. Consequently, he was often left to play out in the yard by himself. Helen refused at first to believe that he was not some place around the house and searched every corner thoroughly, even going through the closets and looking under the beds. When neither the house nor the yard yielded a trace of the little fellow she began to search the nearby streets with fear growing constantly in her heart.

She soon decided that she must have more help and started her two brothers off in different directions. Her mother, who had been trying to keep Helen calm by not showing her own fear, suggested, "If you only had someone with a car you could cover the ground much faster, why don't you call Wayne Kent?"

Helen had more or less avoided Wayne since the night of his birthday dinner when he had taken her down to see the ocean in the moonlight, although she realized that he had given her no particular reason to do so. Now, however, as she could not reach her father to get their own car, and with only the thoughts of Danny in her mind, she rushed to the telephone and called his office.

"My baby is lost," she said, choking up as if uttering the words for the first time made her feel their full import. "Could you come over and take me out in your car to find him?"

"Why, of course," he answered full of solicitude. "I'll come at once." He did not tell her that he would have to cancel an engagement with an important client in order to come, but rushed out to the Burt home and had Helen in his car in fifteen minutes.

"Now which way?" he asked in a businesslike tone. "Is there any place in particular that he liked to go?"

"He is very fond of both the beach and the park but he never suggested going to either one alone," said Helen somewhat relieved to have a steadier

head than her own in charge of the search.

"Let's try the park first then since it is the closer," suggested Wayne as they started off. Helen kept a sharp lookout on both sides of the street for a tiny figure in a blue suit but there was no sign of him anywhere along the way. They searched the park from one end to the other with the same discouraging results and Helen felt her throat tighten and her lips quiver.

"He never could have gone to the beach alone," she said in a strained voice, "but I don't know where else to go."

"Then we'll go to the beach. We're bound to find him if we keep on going, so don't worry."

"Don't worry" were futile words to the anxious mother but she felt somewhat comforted by his optimism. It was growing dusk when they turned away from the beach and started back home again. They had searched in every spot where crowds of children were gathered until Helen was sick with disappointment.

Her face was white and drawn as they drove along still looking hopefully at every child on the street. If only Dan were here! Surely he would think of something that could be done. Then suddenly she saw Danny. As they were passing a lot only a few blocks from home she saw a small golden head emerging through a gap in a hedge and at her cry, Wayne quickly stopped his car. The tears which she had bravely held back until now, rolled down her cheeks as she held her baby in her arms and kissed him over and over again.

"Oh, Danny boy," she cried, "Where have you been? Why did you run away?"

He gazed at her solemnly wondering at her tears. Finally he said, "Doggie runned away. I look for him."

"The doggie—" began Helen in puzzled tones. Then as she began to understand she looked up at Wayne with a wry smile. "I put his little cloth dog away this morning and he has been searching for it." Then continuing, to the child, "The doggie is home asleep in mother's dresser, Danny. Let's go and get him."

As they stopped in front of her house she set Danny down on the ground with the words, "Run in quickly and tell grandmother you are found again. She has been just as much worried as mother has."

Danny didn't quite understand what all the fuss was about but he did as he was told and ran up to the house as fast as his chubby legs could carry him.

AS he disappeared in the door Helen turned to Wayne and laid her hand upon his arm. "You don't know how grateful I am," she said in a voice trembling with emotion.

He grasped her hand quickly in his and said in a low tense voice, "There's nothing in the world I wouldn't do for you, Helen—you know that, don't you?"

She withdrew her hand, her face burning. "I'm sorry Wayne," she stammered, "I think that I had better go in now."

He detained her a moment longer, "If you should ever decide not to go back—"

"But I am going back," she interrupted in a low voice. "I'm sorry it had to happen like this after what you have done for me. Please forgive me if I go now. Goodbye."

She stepped swiftly out of the car and ran up the walk to the house.

(To be continued)

Roses With Our Bread

By La Rene King Bleecker

(A sketch of the life of Lella Marler Hoggan, who wrote *Keepsakes For The Treasure Chest of Life* (1935) *and Little Moments Of Eternity* (1937).

MANY queries have been received from our readers wanting to know more about the author of those delightful essays, *"Keepsakes For The Treasure Chest Of Life,"* which ran concurrently in 1935, and *"Little Moments Of Eternity,"* the series just completed in the December number of the Magazine.

The latter essays were prepared by request, as were the splendid illustrations by Dora Marler Williams.

Mrs. Hoggan and Mrs. Williams, who are sisters, live in Ogden. Their lives are very similar in that they have had to rear families, while perfecting themselves in the work they both love.

As children their lives were somewhat primitive. They lived in and near Soda Springs and later Lewisville, Idaho. During the summer they often lived near the forest where their father cut logs for the saw mill. Sometimes they would live in a tent at the foot of a hill. Life took on a spirit of adventure, then, because they could climb after service berries and wild flowers. They thrilled to the rugged beauty all about them and were joyously happy. At that time Lella felt no urge to write. She sensed the mysteries of the whispering pines, the tang of the leaf mould, the flame of the sunset, but though she throbbed with the beauty of it all, her pen was inarticulate. Not until later, when she attended the B. Y. Academy at Provo, did she begin to write the things she had felt and seen.

DORA, however, gave early indications of creative ability. When there was nothing else available, she would draw sketches with charcoal on pieces of bark. Throughout her girlhood and later, during married life and motherhood, she found time to sketch and paint the bits of homely, rugged beauty that lay about her in the isolated sections where she lived.

At times her urge to create was so great that she sent for correspondence courses, and set avidly to work, spending long hours in perfecting herself in the thing she loved. Though she went through the fiery furnace of toil, sickness and isolation —suffered the loss of a loved one through death, having to rear her little ones alone, yet nothing could quench the burning desire in her heart. She would, she must, she had to give something to the world through the medium of her deft fingers.

In Ogden, where she now resides, on a little blackboard in one of the schools is a picture of Bethlehem, the star, the Wise Men and the camels. This picture is so exquisitely done, that it seems almost sacrilege to erase it. In creating she has found happiness.

There is such similarity in the lives of these sisters, that to write of one is almost like writing of both.

LELLA MARLER HOGGAN is a name too well known in our Church publications to need an introduction. She has studied all her life. She will go on studying for-

LELLA MARLER HOGGAN

ever. She has that rare gift which enables her to see the glad things in life—the fine and beautiful things.

Lella's life has been full. In talking with her one feels that she has suffered, loved, lived and shared. Her life is crowded with events—beautiful, tragic, humorous events. Events which her skill fashions into stories. Her stories hold one amazed and interested to the end.

She has known the hardships of strenuous pioneering work on a ranch in Idaho. She has known interesting years as a student at B. Y. Academy and the L. D. S. University; compensating years as a teacher in Idaho and Utah; absorbing years as sweetheart, wife and mother; sad years of widowhood; satisfying years as a writer, in which her life has been richer and more abundant.

She was born in Clifton, Idaho, September 21, 1880. She was the second child in a family of seven.

Her parents were William N. Marler and May Hix. Both were born and reared in the Church. Lella's father was a Southerner, congenial, humorous and with a heart for all humanity. Her mother was of New England ancestry, idealistic and esthetic. Lella says there was never a time when her mother "just kept house". She loved to do fine, intricate needlework, and to paint and read. If she ever sensed the hardships of life in the primitive places in which the family lived from time to time she never complained. Often she taught school in her own home, so that her children would not fall behind in their studies.

"I just had to do right," Lella explained. "My mother expected so much of me that I couldn't disappoint her. She was always a constant source of inspiration to me."

"Another thing I could never forget," explained Lella, "was the fact that my grandparents and great-grandparents had gone through the trials and sufferings of the early Church. I could not fail them. I felt they had sacrificed too much."

Lella and Dora are descendants of Ezra Chase and Tirzah Wells Chase, who settled in Harrisville, Utah. Their daughter, Charlotte Chase Hix, Lella's grandmother, was a remarkable woman, with trends similar to her daughter and granddaughters. She did all the things that they have done. Lella has samples of her embroidering and water colors. She taught school in the early days in Harrisville, loved to work and be with young people. She could remember the Prophet Joseph and his brother Hyrum. She at one time attended the Prophet's school, her teachers being Parley and Orson Pratt, whom she ardently admired.

But it is not this remarkable woman whom Lella resembles. She loves to tell about her stern great grandfather and his little Quaker wife, Tirzah. For it is Tirzah who lives again in Lella. She was quiet and gentle, always said "thee" and "thine," and always wore Quaker bonnets with ruffles of lace. Lella has the same kind eyes and gentle mouth, the same profile, the same retiring, unassuming nature.

DORA MARLER WILLIAMS

Somewhere I have read that a truly great person appears never to be in a hurry. Lella is that kind of person. She has time to live, to enjoy her family and friends. She is poised, serene and gentle. It is only when one sums up the amount of work she does that one realizes her ability to keep calm and unruffled despite the strain of earning a living and keeping up a home for her family. It is this quality of serenity perhaps more than any other

trait that has helped her in writing her essays.

When asked how she came to write *Keepsakes* and *Little Moments Of Eternity,* she replied with a twinkle in her eyes:

"When trouble crowded too closely in my own life, I had to form some sort of guiding philosophy to help me carry on. When it proved helpful to me, I felt that I had to share it with others. I truly believe what I teach. All the treasures of earth could not buy the blessings my philosophy has brought me."

On October 4, 1905, Lella married James D. Hoggan in the Salt Lake Temple. They had been married only five weeks when he went on a three-year mission to Holland. When he returned, they made their home for a time in Lewisville, Idaho, then in Tooele, and later in Ogden. They were very happy and congenial and their marriage relations were sacred and beautiful.

"My days are filled with thrills and worries just as all mothers' days are," Mrs. Hoggan says. "While my husband was alive we were very happy. Jim was kind and thoughtful, a good father to our five children, and I have only tender memories of our life and work together for twenty-one years. When he died in October, 1926, our faith helped us to carry on. We think of him as being "just away" and we plan our work in harmony with the standards for which he was striving. 'What would Daddy want us to do?' is a question often asked in our home. There have been many crosses and losses since we were left alone, but life still finds us without bitterness and unafraid."

"I have tried to help my children stand on their own feet, to be dependable and independent; to instill into their minds that cleanliness, honesty and kindness are the most necessary virtues. We have tried to find the happy side of life and to read good books."

Mrs. Hoggan reads humor, poetry, religious books, philosophy and essays. She doesn't have much time for fiction. In her little library at home she has row upon row of books and can find at a moment's notice, anything she wishes in writing her essays.

She has written for all the Church publications; "Health Talks" for *The Character Builder;* letters on child-training for parents' magazines, as well as biographical sketches for the Fred G. Taylor Family's "Book Of Remembrance." Her best work however, has been her essays. In these she has interpreted the teachings of the Gospel. "I was guided by a power higher than my own. I truly did not write them," she said. "I was only the instrument."

Mrs. Hoggan really lives true to her philosophy. It has worked in her life, broadened it, given her "feet of courage" to walk through life unafraid. It has given her "Roses with her bread." Beautiful spiritual roses! Roses that shed fragrance in her life and in the lives of others!

The August, 1936 issue of the *Improvement Era* contains this appealing little poem in which Lella Marler Hoggan has expressed the fervent wish of both herself and her artist sister, Dora:

"In winter's cold, in summer's heat we toil
Through the long stretches of the day,
Dear Lord, give us bread, we pray.

And if our task be worthy of the hire,
Our measure full and true,
Dear Lord, may we not have roses, too?"

Martha McChesney Berry

By George Gardiner

"The joy of a good deed is in the doing of it, not in receiving thanks."
—*Martha Berry.*

IN all the history of America there have been few women like Martha Berry. Christians and especially Latter-day Saints, should know the story of this good woman, for she has demonstrated the practicableness of some of the most vital parts of our own religion. The influence of her work has spread far and wide to benefit the common people. While a young woman she founded a home school, the first of its kind in America, at her own expense, at Rome, Georgia. The students of her school became apostles of a new idea and a better way of life which they had learned at the Berry School. The State of Georgia took up the Berry School idea of education and established other such schools for her rural people. Theodore Roosevelt, after being president of the United States, visited the Berry School. He said, "This is the greatest practical work for American citizenship that has been done within this decade." Through Miss Berry's earlier visit to the White House he caught the vision and saw that Martha Berry's methods could be extended to other sections of the south and to rural America. As he studied the new idea he conceived in his mind the Country Life Commission. Later he called seven outstanding leaders in America together and appointed each a member of this Commission. They in turn, through education, fostered legislation and by the help of extension services and boy's and girl's clubs gave rural America the new idea. The White House Conference gave further stimulus to the movement which was again taken up by the Youth Movement.

MARTHA BERRY had just returned from a finishing school in Baltimore to the fine old Georgia mansion with its stately white pillars and wide terraces. There were negro servants at the mansion to care for the lawns and the flowers and to anticipate her every wish.

On this Sunday afternoon, she was looking back to the scenes of her childhood. She wandered down through the pleasant woods to a little log cabin where she and her sister had played with their dolls so long ago. The house was a monument to her happy memories, and she made it a den where she could re-live her youth. She often came to paint the wild flowers and play the old melodeon. One afternoon while she was playing, children came from the nearby tenant farms to peek through the cracks of the cabin. They were very shy, these poor white children, and it was only by tempting them with apples that she could coax them in. Once in, they listened eagerly to the stories she told them from the Bible.

THE next Sunday these children brought others and the next they brought their parents. The little log cabin grew to be a Sunday School home. Some of these

people moved away and asked her to come and start a Sunday School at their new home. Ofttimes the new home would be several miles away over mountain roads. On one of these occasions the cabin had no doors, no windows and part of the roof had fallen in. During Sunday School that morning, the rain came through and soaked Miss Berry's dress. At the close of school she searched out a big tree and told the men if they would fell the tree and split it for the roof she would furnish the nails and make them some lemonade. One of the men hesitated and said, "It mout not rain for a whole month."

She replied, "It mout rain next Sunday."

The men cut the tree, split it and made the new roof. Many of the mountaineers had never tasted lemonade. They were greatly amused. One of them said he had never heard of a woman, "bossin' a house roofin' before."

AS Martha Berry came to know these people better she saw that Sunday School was not enough. Some of them were hungry for many things. They needed a more varied diet for many of them were suffering from that dreaded pellagra, a disease which results from a limited diet of salt pork and corn bread. They were hungry for education. Less than half of the children in that section had finished the fourth grade in school, a large number could not even read. They knew nothing of nature and failed to appreciate the abundant beauty at their very doors. Like all great women in the cause of humanity, Martha Berry saw that people starve in the presence of abundance and all from the lack of sympathetic help from fellow men. She had the rarest of all human qualities, a desire to give the help that she was able to give to the people who needed it, in the way they needed it. Through the sermon of her deeds she has created a beautiful and peaceful island in a confused and turbulent world.

FROM the beginning she shared her artistic feeling and rich enthusiasm with her people. She took the children on long walks, taught them the beauties of the flowers and the woods. She took five of these children to her little log cabin and started a home school, the kind that teaches mountain children a better way of life. The five boys who started this class lived there at the cabin which was furnished from Miss Berry's attic across the way.

At the end of the week there was a wash day. But the boys refused to wash their clothes, the bedding and the table linen. They said, "Washing is woman's work. Men do not wash and we are men." Martha Berry was then a slim little aristocrat. Negro servants had anticipated her every wish from the day she was born, yet there was no argument with the boys. She said sweetly that she would do the washing and stepped to the tub of steaming soap suds and took the soiled overalls and started. This did not look right to the boys. They had never seen men wash, neither had they seen women of Miss Berry's type wash clothes. One of the large boys walked up and said, "I ain't never seen men wash clothes, Miss Berry, but sooner than see you do it I'll wash 'em."

This incident served to illus-

trate two simple lessons that helped to create the Berry School. The first lesson was, that there are many things we do not do that we ought to do, and the second, there are better ways of doing the things we do. From that day on, spotless white table linen, though of cheap cotton cloth was a matter of pride to the boys. When it was on the table there was a vase of flowers on it. Mountain pride was hard to reckon with; it continued to crop up but it was a valuable asset when turned in proper channels. Some of the boys could not pay tuition and they would not accept charity so ways had to be devised for the boys to bring supplies from home and to work for part of their board and tuition. Some brought chickens, others coarse cloth, one boy brought a span of oxen, one sold his only mule, one mother sold her only cow to help pay her boy's way in school. Many of the boys worked on the school farm, raised stock, made gardens, made furniture, and built school houses to pay their way. These things were part of her plan of education for this was an industrial school. The boys were taught scientific agriculture, including all branches of farming and stock raising. Later, when the school had grown and the girls attended, they were taught scientific home management and child care. The Berry school also taught the good things of the mind and the young people grew to be cultured and self-respecting. The flowers and the spotless linen were in a way a symbol of a new world into which these young people came. When they returned to their homes the community benefited by their attendance at the school. Her students were apostles of a new idea.

On week-ends, Miss Berry often went to the homes of the students. One student invited her to stay at his home on such a trip, but he requested to leave school on Friday. He was afraid his mother would not know how to clean the house so he was going home to help her. Every community into which her students returned improved its way of life. Flower and vegetable gardens were planted. Better varieties of food began to wipe out pelagra. Homes that had never had a curtain at the window or a carpet on the floor were made attractive. People came out of the shadows into the sunshine of life. This better way of life spread not only to the mountain sections of the South but to all of rural America. At this time rural life in America was hard and often cruel for children and women especially. The schools were ill suited to the needs of rural life. Many of the ideas that have most improved rural schools originated at the Berry School. It has been truthfully said that "Miss Berry has made a contribution to the youth life of all the world with her great school."

NO great work of this character is ever done without tremendous work and patience and understanding. As she says, "People don't always like being improved. Students occasionally riot and teachers don't see what we are trying to do. The joy of a good deed is in doing it, not in receiving thanks."

MISS BERRY saw her own fortune being spent to the last dollar. She had undertaken a never ending task and must have help. She needed help of rich and influential friends but had none who were interested. But she did have an ever increasing desire to

help the children of the Georgia mountains. Here she passes that crucial test of brotherly love and sacrifice.

In her search for help she was directed to R. Fulton Cutting. He asked her how much commission she was getting for collecting the funds for the school and how much salary she received for directing the school.

"I get a thrill in seeing these fine people grow up to be clean, educated and happy people, but I get no money," was her calm reply. She timidly suggested that he might give just enough to help one student go through school one year, and that would mean so much to the boy.

When Mr. Cutting wrote out the check and handed it to her she hoped it might be fifty dollars but prepared herself to be thankful if it were only five. She waited until she was on the street before looking at the check and was immeasurably happy to find that it was five hundred dollars. Ten boys went to school the next year on that check. One boy was earning fifteen dollars per month when he entered school. When he left he was earning fifty. One Thanksgiving, the rest of the men at the creamery where he worked, got drunk and left the Berry School boy alone at the plant. He stayed faithfully and saved the company heavy loss and at the same time upheld the Berry School reputation for dependability. Neither boys nor girls at the school smoke nor drink. The check which aided these boys was the beginning of outside help. The value of the school property is now more than five million dollars. There are more than 30,000 acres of land on the estate.

THERE is a student body of 1000 and many times that number on the waiting list. Tens of thousands of boys and girls have had their lives enriched by coming in contact with one of America's greatest personalities and with a community life that is a model for a better civilization.

HER own state of Georgia built eleven district agricultural and mechanical schools after her pattern. The legislature designated her a distinguished citizen by special resolution. The Roosevelt Memorial Association awarded her the Medal of Honor for Distinguished Service. Seven universities have awarded her honorary degrees. The Pictorial Review awarded her the $5000 prize for advancing the national welfare in arts, letters, and social welfare. But one of the finest tributes and one she must prize most comes from one of her students and speaks for them all. He said, "For thirty-two years she labored unceasingly without salary to give the mountain boys and girls of the South, light and learning. The story of her courage and self-sacrifice, and her struggle to build the great mountain institution which today bears her name forms one of the bright spots in American history."

Appreciation

By Valerie Peck
(McKinley Ward, Wells Stake)

WHEN asked to talk on this topic at Relief Society Conference my first thought was, "that will be easy. I come home from school on Tuesday, the house isn't very warm, it's lonesome, dinner isn't ready, and we always know that it will be beans or soup, for mother has gone to Relief Society."

Speaking more seriously, we enjoy having mother attend Relief Society meetings. She comes home with new thoughts and ideas. The lessons cover a variety of stimulating subjects. Mother tells us parts of each of these lessons, and we are benefited thereby. TheTheology lessons on the Life and Teachings of Christ we always enjoy. We like very much the comments on the Social Service lessons, and we are delighted with the Literary lessons. Mother tells us the stories and biographies which are always entertaining. Whenever we need help with our themes at school mother usually knows something about each subject. I am sure a great deal of this she learns at Relief Society.

I often wonder if one can get too many "counter-irritants" in life. Let me explain what I mean. When you have a cold, someone puts a mustard plaster on your chest. After this has been on thirty minutes, there is an itching, burning, tingling in the chest, which is very uncomfortable. How can one get rid of this unpleasant feeling? Then mother pulls off the plaster and smears on some cold cream. The blood has been drawn to the chest through a disagreeable process, the counter-irritant soothes.

In life we see and hear and contact things that are irritating. We see the girl who is not adverse to a cocktail or two, or a cigarette, or coarse language or a crude outlook on life, or something that makes one feel that life isn't a very fine thing in some respects. Then mother comes along with some thought or ideal, some noble endeavor on the part of some man or woman,—a counter-irritant, and I see that life is not sordid, and unclean, but is hopeful and full of opportunity for everyone to attain the *high ideal*. Such counter-irritants spring into being at Relief Society, and are brought home to us and vitalized.

A FEW years ago a great scientist of nature, Luther Burbank, conceived the idea of improving the standards of farm products. His unique scheme in one case was to take what was best in several varieties of potatoes and unite them into one fine blend. People came to call this process of taking an ordinary variety and grafting in desirable traits of other varieties "Burbanking".

It has dawned upon me, that, in a measure, is what mother has been trying to do to me. Using me, as I am, as the ordinary scrub variety, she has drawn from the Relief Society ideas that make for noble womanhood and has quietly gone about grafting them into my make-up, "Burbanking" me. The process has not been entirely painless, nor without opposition, and sometimes I have been "Burbanked" in spite of furious resistance. But the process continually goes on until I am beginning to find my outlook upon life taking

a new meaning, a new richness, a new lustre, through the "Burbanking" of Relief Society embellishments. No one can come in contact with these, even second-hand, and not be influenced by them. So through the Relief Society "counter-irritants" and "Burbankings" I find that the undesirable scrub in me gradually yields more easily each time to the finer, nobler, and more really satisfying things of life

To sum it all up, in spite of bean soup, Dad's hard burned biscuits, eaten in a half-heated breakfast nook Tuesday nights, I partake of a sweet uplift that is leading me to "tune in" on the Relief Society spirit for the sheer joy it brings with its fine, noble outlook.

"IF THERE'S EVER A TIME"

By Roberta Flake Clayton

If there's ever a time you suffer alone,
Lest the knowledge might add to my woe,
And to spare me you smile through unshed tears—
God grant that I may know.

If there's ever a time when a word from me
Would help you on your way,
Would give you the courage to carry on—
God give me the word to say.

If there's ever a time when a lift from me
Can ease your load of care
And make your burden a little less hard—
God grant that I may be there.

Happenings

By Annie Wells Cannon

JANUARY—A friendly greeting for the New Year brightens the soul, like sunshine-stars on winter snow.

ANTONIA BRICO, director of the New York Women's Orchestra, opened the winter season at Carnegie Hall. This orchestra has achieved meteoric success, and is one of the few not endowed.

NORA GREGOR, Viennese actress, was married last December to Prince von Starhemberg. When she makes her debut as Lois Montez in the Vienna theatre she will really be a Princess.

AGNES WAHL NIEMAN left the bulk of her fortune of $5,000,000 to Harvard University, without stipulating any particular use for it. As her husband who amassed this great wealth was a journalist, why not a school for journalism?

PRISCILLA EVANS of Utah has been elected corresponding secretary of the National Council of Women. She was a delegate to the Council from the National Woman's Relief Society. Mrs. Evans is learned in the law, and has a charming personality.

IDA TARBELL, at 80, continues her literary work with a calm philosophy and excellent judgment.

OSA JOHNSON continues her explorations and hunting in Africa as she and her husband, the late Martin Johnson, had planned.

AMELIA EARHART, lost aviatrix, has been given recognition from Mexico for her record flight from Los Angeles to Mexico City in 1935, by a posthumous award of the Order of the Aztec Eagle. The decoration will be placed in Purdue University.

MALVINA HOFFMAN received the 1937 award for eminent achievement from the American Woman's Association. Pearl Buck made the presentation.

ANN JENSEN TIDD, 95, of Monroe, Utah, died last month. She held a record as a leader in Church work for 81 years.

MARJORIE HILLIS, author of "Orchids on Your Budget," is giving entertaining talks on the smartest hats, frocks, coats and shoes, besides giving clever, not costly, ways of entertaining and making a name as a "smart hostess".

CAROLYN WELLS, humorist, has written her biography—"The Rest of My Life" in her usual amusing vein.

KATHERINE BURTON'S "Sorrow Built a Bridge," story of Rose Hawthorne, the novelist's daughter, and Catherine Carswell's, "The Tranquil Heart", story of Giovanni Boccaccio are wonderful pen portraits in biography.

ISHBEL PATTERSON of New York is considered one of the best literary critics of the period; the greatest among women.

Notes To The Field

Eliza Roxy Snow Memorial Poem Contest

THE committee for the General Board of the Relief Society are pleased to announce the result of the annual prize poem contest for the year 1937.

There were 137 poems entered, most of them of unusual merit. It is gratifying to note the increased interest in this contest, and the improvement in poetic fancy and construction.

The first prize this year was awarded to Anna Prince Redd, of Provo, Utah, for her very beautiful poem "No Beauty Is". Second prize to Vesta P. Crawford of Salt Lake City, for her tender poem "Memorial On the Plains", and third prize to Kathryn F. Clyde of Heber City, for a lovely poem "Pioneer Cabin."

The judges this year were Prof. N. A. Pederson, connected with the English department of the Utah State Agricultural College; Richard Evans, associate editor of the *Era* and Nettie D. Bradford of the General Board of Relief Society.

We are grateful to the judges for their valuable assistance; we congratulate the successful authors, and thank all who contributed to the contest.

Annie Wells Cannon
Julia A. F. Lund
Rosannah C. Irvine
Ida P. Beal
Rae B. Barker
Committee.

Work and Business Department

TO everything there is a season and a time to every purpose under the heaven." "The wise woman looketh well to the ways of her household and eateth not the bread of idleness. She seeketh wool and flax and worketh willingly with her hands. She layeth her hands to the spindle. She maketh fine linen. She stretcheth out her hand to the poor, yea, she reacheth forth her hands to the needy." Now is the time and season for every leader to look well to the ways of the Work and Business project. The season's gift making and holidays are past and the needs of the ward have largely been cared for, allowing more time and opportunity to devote to this activity. Have you enthusiastically explained and promoted the aim and value of such a project? Has every member in your ward had an opportunity to participate? Are you planning to spend at least two or three lessons on the results of the survey with definite suggestions or demonstrations to show how they can be used to promote a better understanding of home problems? Are you filing all data received to be used in making a final report when called for? The project was planned to help women to see their own needs and to encourage them to provide for the same. Are you extending a hand of helpfulness and a word of encouragement?

Social Service Department

ONE problem of the good citizen is, how to live successfully and in harmony with his neighbors. Up to a very recent time it was assumed that just the act of living in groups would insure successful individual adjustment. On a large scale we see the fallacy of such a premise indicated in the contention and conflict among national neighbors. Today, many leading educators are convinced that *conscious* effort, directed attention, must be given the specific

problem of developing social interest.

As individuals we see the magnitude of the task and, in the main, stand discouraged. Discouragement will never mend the ill. A better attitude is, "How can *I* help. *I* am a citizen. *I* am a part of society. What is my responsibility?"

A very interesting and promising project, "Building Social Awareness in School", is being conducted in one of the large school systems of our country. Marguerite and Willard Beecher believe that it is so successfully changing the anti-social feeling of many individuals who were failing to make a useful social adjustment, that they are guiding this project gratuitously.

Few mothers are equipped, either in training or time, to help in so large a way the building of good citizens. Always, however, the home has been pointed to as the strength of the nation. Every home is a working laboratory, a small factory contributing its quota of citizens. Shall we be content to leave the main responsibility with school or civic organizations?

Suggestive:

As a starting point for a worthwhile discussion and in an effort to *consciously* develop social awareness try this question in your class and again in your homes: Does freedom mean I shall do only as I please? Then, in your mind, grant that same privilege to every person in your community for one week: the grocer, milkman, streetcar conductor, garage man, utilities operators, etc. Carry the discussion to its logical conclusion. It will be readily seen that freedom and security depend on the willingness of each individual to do his share.

The hope is that we can stimulate in our classes real thought on the power the home can be in building good citizenry.

Theology

WE believe that through the atonement of Christ, all mankind may be saved, by obedience to the laws and ordinances of the Gospel." So reads the third article of faith propounded by the Prophet Joseph Smith as one of the thirteen articles making a concise presentation of the belief of the Latter-day Saints.

In the study of the most excellent lesson VII on the subject, "Christ and the Atonement," a thorough analysis of this third article will be most helpful.

As the years pass, in daily life, one is so apt to take everything for granted, and never consider the great debt of gratitude due the Lord, for our very being, and more than all, for our salvation; but in deeper contemplation truly need we "stand amazed at the love Jesus offered us", in his voluntary sacrifice. Mark well the *voluntary* fact that your knowledge may be strengthened in His divine Sonship. No human would suffer all the mockings, sorrows and agonies, knowing that a prayer would end them; but the Savior refused all help, even rebuked the disciple who would defend Him saying "Put up thy sword. Thinkest thou that I cannot pray to my Father and he shall presently give me more than twelve legions of angels?"

Some fine music in connection with this lesson such as "Oh, It Is Wonderful," and "Glory to God in the Highest," would be appropriate There are also many pictures by the great masters if copies are available. "Christ and the Pilgrims at Emmaus", by Velasquez; "The Supper at Emmaus", by Veronese, are taken from the memorable story told by Luke 24:25-30.

Notes From The Field

By Julia A. F. Lund, General Secretary

WEST JORDAN STAKE, BINGHAM WARD

West Jordan Stake

THE above picture shows the Bingham Ward Relief Society. This was taken following a bazaar held in this Ward. The sisters, both young and old, are most eager to cooperate in carrying on the Relief Society program, and in aiding the Church Security in its beautification program. The sisters realize that the improvement of Relief Society meeting places does much to stimulate interest in the organization and build up the morale of the members. They have therefore determined to do all in their power to raise funds and help carry on this work. This was the objective of the bazaar held, which had most satisfactory results.

Cache Stake

THE Fifth Ward Relief Society is the author of a very delightful little newspaper which carries out the program of the Relief Society. It gives the news of the Relief Society and what it offers the sisters. It also tells what Relief Society does for the individual members. All items of interest pertaining to other Church organizations are listed in this fine little paper, and call attention to the fact that the Relief Society women are following the admonition of the Prophet to safeguard the morals of the people, and to stimulate all to good works. The Cache Stake has done some splendid work in the furthering of the library idea, and very gratifying effects have followed the efforts of the sisters in this particular. The inspiration from associating with wonderful women, and the ideals set forth, makes for fuller and richer lives.

TAHITIAN MISSION

Utah Stake

A MOST splendid report of the year's activity comes from the Utah Stake. A very delightful social given in the summer of this year offered opportunity for the Stake Relief Society to give a concrete expression of its various activities. More than six hundred women assembled at this time, and awards were made to those having 100% visiting-teaching records during the year and to those realizing the slogan of reading the *Relief Society* Magazine from cover to cover. There was a large percentage of the women who had a perfect attendance record at the regular meetings. Prizes were given to the Wards who could show the greatest number of women in these activities. There were three Magazine Agents who received more than 100% subscriptions. The splendid entertainment was carefully prepared and conducted with the efficiency characteristic of this enterprising stake.

In October of this year the Utah Stake held its Visiting Teachers' convention, at which time there were in attendance 375 Visiting Teachers. Here again the Wards met in friendly rivalry as to which could show the most Visiting Teachers in attendance. Following the regular convention a one-act play was presented, and the affair proved to be one of great enthusiasm and interest, a splendid beginning for a most promising year's work.

Tahitian Mission

FROM far away Tahiti comes the above picture. Sister M. Maude Woodbury writes that she is very much encouraged with the Relief Society work on these Islands. For the first time in the history of the Mission the lessons for all the auxiliaries are being prepared and sent out to the Saints and Elders in the monthly paper published at Mission Headquarters. A copy of the paper came to the office. The lack of books is a serious handicap in conducting the lessons, but the Mission President and those associating with her are doing a splendid work in simplifying the lessons. The Child Guidance lessons are particularly valuable here. The sisters do greatly appreciate the Relief Society Magazine, and the President reads to them the things which she feels will fit their needs best. The choice poems and articles on many phases of life and about many people, and the

CARBON STAKE, PRICE WARD

NORTH IDAHO FALLS STAKE

news items are of keen interest to these people so far removed.

Carbon and North Idaho Falls Stakes

THE spirit of Daughter's Day is certainly being typified in the lovely reports that come into the office from the various stakes and wards of the Church. Young women are associating with their mothers, and learning the spirit of Relief Society, the inspiration that it is to them in their future work, and the great aids they will get in the broad educational program. The two above pictures, first Carbon Stake, and second North Idaho Falls Stake, are typical of the groups who are participating in this wonderful movement.

THE RELIEF SOCIETY OF THE CHURCH OF JESUS CHRIST OF LATTER-DAY SAINTS

Motto—Charity Never Faileth

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Editorials

Greetings

THE various seasons of the year have a deep significance. There is an apt comparison between them and human life. Quite unconsciously we surrender ourselves to the impressions and influences of the time, for as Longfellow says: "Time is the life of the soul."

The song of the angels, sung two thousand years ago, resounds just as joyously and clearly today as it did on the plains of Bethlehem, and the spirit of the Savior pervades the air at Christmas time.

In studying the history of the human family, we find that among all peoples in all ages the first day of the year has been regarded as one among holidays. These days are of great value both in their moral and intellectual influence. The observance of New Year's Day mainly rests on the principle that a good beginning makes a good ending; as the first day is, so will the others be.

As Relief Society sisters we have felt the sacred spell of the Christmas spirit. Like Janus of old, we stand with faces turned both ways. We have looked with grateful appreciation over the achievements of the past year. Our minds have been thrilled by the cooperation and devoted service of the women of our organization. Our love and prayers are with them the world over. As one band of united women we greet the New Year with faith and courage in our hearts. Though chaos seems to reign in the affairs of men, we do not doubt. Through all the darkness and despair of today, the light of the Gospel burns steady and true. With calm assurance of its unfailing guidance and power, we face the future with joy.

LOUISE Y. ROBISON
AMY BROWN LYMAN
KATE M. BARKER
General Presidency of Relief Society

1938 Ahead

"Be ashamed to die until you have achieved some victory for humanity."—*Horace Mann.*

FINIS must now be written for the year 1937. Like every other year it has brought its successes and joys, its failures and disappointments. The measure of its worth must be, HAS MANKIND PROGRESSED? Have we advanced educationally; has science contributed to well-being; are people more secure; how far forward has this year brought us?

"My Vocation," a recent publication, tells of the work of twenty-five eminent Americans from as many fields of usefulness, who have made very definite contributions to the information, guidance, inspiration and well-being of mankind—men who have shared in progress. Countless numbers there are, not listed in any book who have played equally constructive rolls. Are you and I numbered among this group?

This is a season of stock-taking, the inventory time of year. It might be well for us to take inventory of self as well as of our goods and chattels. In taking this inventory let us list fairly our assets and liabilities, our strengths and our weaknesses. Too often in self stock-taking we are prone to magnify our weaknesses and to disregard our strengths. Someone has likened the mind to a closed room in which we live all of our lives. We walk about in this closed room day after day, year after year. On its walls we hang pictures representing our many efforts. We naturally key our lives to these pictures. If we shut our minds in this dark room with only pictures of our weaknesses and our failures before us, we lose confidence in our own abilities, increase our weaknesses and our fears. Thus we lose our power to DO in the program of life.

Why not then emphasize our strengths? Why not in this mind room hang pictures of the best things we have done, the successes that have been ours, holding before us the fine lesson we have given, the successful conference we have held, the life we have enriched, the strengths we have developed. Think of all the things we have done in 1937 of which we may justly be proud. What we have done we can do again with even greater success because of the experience behind us.

Latter-day Saints realize that our strengths are God given. Our Father has told us that we cannot all have all gifts but each is given his special gift or talent and it is expected that we shall use whatever is ours for the good of man.

"For all have not every gift given unto them; for there are many gifts, and to every man is given a gift by the Spirit of God."

"To some is given one, and to some is given another, that all be profited thereby." (Doc. and Cov. 46:11-12.)

In recognizing we have a strength we take the first step in its conscious development. The second step is putting it to active use. The Latter-day Saint Church provides abundant opportunity to put to use all of the strengths of all of its members for the good of all mankind. This is a day of unlimited opportunities and alluring possibilities. We approach the New Year with enthusiasm and hope, beneficiaries of all that not only 1937 has given but the years and years that preceded it. Cognizant of our power and responsibility may we value the opportunities that lie ahead making 1938 a better year because we have lived in it.

The 1937 American Girl

A NATION-WIDE "cross section" survey recently made by the General Foods Corporation to discover facts about the coming generation of housewives, shopping at the nation's half million retail stores, brings to light some interesting and encouraging facts about the American girl of today.

Results of the survey were reported by Mr. C. M. Chester, General Foods Chairman, speaking before the seventh annual forum of the Herald Tribune Institute at the Waldorf-Astoria.

Mr. Chester reported that apparently six out of every ten American girls attend church regularly, the percentage of young city church goers being a trifle higher than that of country girls.

"One significant thing that we noticed," Mr. Chester commented, "is the modern girls' ambitions. She seeks self-improvement and financial independence. She wants marriage, children, and a college education, and she is willing to accept sacrifices to achieve her destiny. The 'clinging vine' type of girl apparently is gone from our midst."

Asked what they considered the smallest weekly income that a young couple could get married and get along with, the majority of the girls estimated between $20 and $30, showing them modest in their demands.

The survey indicated 94% of American girls consider a college education more desirable than in their mothers' day, and three-fourths of them feel it is now more important to take an active part in politics. Seven out of ten declare it is more important than ever to save for old age and more than half say it is more important today to own one's home than in former years.

More than half of the girls questioned had taken cookery courses in schools or colleges and three-fourths said it is more important than it has ever been to be a good cook. Mr. Chester in commenting said, "Apparently tomorrow's housewives are going to make husbands eager to come home for dinner!"

Latter-day Saints have taught from the very beginning the importance of high ideals and standards in the home. The mother is the potent influence in the home. Stability of the mother is the dominant factor in the stability of the home. To the degree homes are stable so will the nation be. This composite picture of the American girl of today, who will be the home-maker and mother of tomorrow is most gratifying.

Erratum

In publishing the Magazine Drive Honor Roll an error was made in the report of Harvard Ward, Liberty Stake. The enrollment of this ward is 57, the number of subscriptions secured 60, giving the ward a per centage of 103. Irene C. Brain is the Magazine Agent.

The report of the First Ward of Liberty Stake was omitted. The enrollment of this ward is 125, the number of subscriptions secured 114, giving this ward a percentage of 91. Hilda Staber is the magazine agent.

We congratulate both wards.

Music Department

MENDELSSOHN

(Composer of "How Lovely Are Thy Messengers.")

By Beatrice F. Stevens

FROM the long list of famous musicians, Felix Mendelssohn stands out as one of the best balanced, most wholesome and beloved personalities. When criticizing his work, we should think of him as possessing great talent rather than as a genius. One writer has said, "His music is bright and genial, clever and pure, manly and refined." His style can be understood and appreciated by the untrained as well as those educated in music. There is a tendency at present to underrate him, but Schumann said, "I look upon Mendelssohn as the first musician of his time, and pay him the homage due a master."

The father of Felix, Abraham Mendelssohn, was a rich banker, a strong and capable man. Abraham often remarked jokingly that he served as a hyphen between Moses and Felix. Moses Mendelssohn, the grandfather, was one of the greatest philosophers of his time. "Formerly," he said, "I was the son of my father; now I am the father of my son." Felix' mother was highly educated, spoke several languages and was an excellent pianist. She gave the first musical instruction to Felix and the other children in the family, often sitting with her knitting while they practiced to see that no time was wasted. Felix was not the only talented child in his father's family; like Mozart, he had a sister who was also unusually gifted. Fannie Mendelssohn gave up a brilliant musical career when she married Hensel, the painter, but was always an inspiration and great help to her brother.

FELIX was born in Hamburg, February 3, 1809 and it was afterwards said that on that day, a fairy passed that way and bestowed all the graces upon him. In his life time, though it was not long, he knew what it was to have and enjoy great talent, love, fame and fortune to the highest degree. In childhood he was idolized by fond parents, brothers and sisters who had similar tastes and abilities. Their home was a mecca for talented and scholarly people. Thus he made friends who meant much in his life and perhaps greatest among them was Goethe. His education was not confined to music but included a liberal university training and extensive traveling. Although surrounded by ease and luxury, the four Mendelssohn children, Fannie, Felix, Rebecca and Paul, were taught the value of hard work by their father who was extremely kind but a wise disciplinarian. Often they crept from warm beds at dawn to work at counterpoint, English, or to practice the Bach fugues. Felix had considerable talent and love for painting and this influenced his musical compositions to a marked degree.

He made his first public appearance as a performer at the age of nine and his talent as a composer was manifested very early in his life. He had written an opera, choruses and chamber music before he was fourteen and at that time wrote the famous Rondo Capriccioso. Af fifteen his first symphony appeared and two years later, his beautiful overture to "A Midsummer Night's Dream". This is one of his most

perfect compositions. When very young, he was responsible for the beginning of the revival of Bach and at nineteen he presented the first complete "Passion According to St. Matthew" by that great master. For this inestimable service, the musical world owes a deep and everlasting debt of gratitude to Mendelssohn.

Everywhere honors were showered upon him and at twenty he reached the pinnacle of success in London. The English people showed enthusiasm and affection for him almost beyond reason. At one time the Queen requested that he name some special favor she might grant him and he asked to visit the royal nursery. There he enjoyed himself entertaining the princes and princesses with music and fun. In 1846 he conducted the premiere of his oratorio, "Elijah", for the Birmingham Festival. This was his gift to the English people.

It was shortly after the death of his father, when Mendelssohn was twenty-four, that real romance and love came into his life. Saddened and greatly depressed by his great loss, he happened one day to be walking on the banks of the Rhine River, when a boat glided lazily by. In it sat a beautiful young girl with her lap full of flowers, and the loveliness of the picture was not lost upon the young man. So strong was the attraction, he immediately set about to find who she was and discovered that her name was Cecile Jeanrenaud. He lost no time in making the acquaintance of the family and found Cecile to be all that his heart said she would be. Her mother, the widow of the pastor of a little French church in the vicinity, was a gentlewoman, and her daughter had been reared in an atmosphere of culture and refinement, although they were in humble circumstances. The attraction was mutual and the two were soon betrothed. In the happy months preceding their marriage, he finished the oratoria, "St. Paul" which had been interrupted at the time of his father's death.

All the attentions showered upon him failed to spoil him. He remained genuine, sincere and unaffected. His was a warm and affectionate nature and his love of friends and family, deep and lasting. We have spoken of his sister Fannie who was so close to him. He never fully recovered from the shock of her death and it marked the beginning of his failing health. He spent the summer, following her death, in Switzerland occupying himself very largely in painting water colors. There are in existence today, thirteen of his large, well executed pictures of Swiss scenery. He was preparing to go to Vienna to hear Jenny Lind sing in his "Elijah" when he was taken suddenly ill and died November 4, 1847.

MENDELSSOHN is not placed in the highest ranks of composers of piano music although he wrote much that was very popular and many pieces have remained favorites. "His organ sonatas are of great value to students and place him in the foremost ranks of organ composers since Bach. He shows far greater originality in his works for orchestra; they are delightful in melody and orchestration. His violin concerto is perhaps better loved than any other; its themes are masterly and its difficulties are not excessive." "His greatness consists not in the overwhelming effects characteristic of the music of a later day, but in calm, symmetrical beauty. In this he is unexcelled." His two oratorios, "St. Paul," and "Elijah," have brought him greatest fame.

Lesson Department

Theology and Testimony

Lesson 7

Christ and the Atonement

Helpful References

In the *Bible*:
Isaiah 7:14; 53:3-12; John 1:29-30, 35-36; 3:14-18; 6:50-51, 53-54; 10:7, 9, 11, 17-18; 11:25-26; 12:32-33, 44, 46; Luke 22:19-20.

In the *Book of Mormon*:
I Nephi 12:11; II Nephi 9:21-22, 25:26; 10:25; Mosiah 4:6-9; Alma 7:12; 34:11-16; Moroni 8:20.

In the *Doctrine and Covenants*:
Sec. 18:11, 23-25; 19:15-19; 29:42, 46; 76:41-44.

In the *Pearl of Great Price*:
Moses 6:62.

Talmage, *Articles of Faith,* Chapter 4.

Talmage, *Jesus, the Christ,* p. 21.

Taylor, *The Mediation and Atonement.*

Brown, *Why I Believe in Religion,* Chapter III.

1. *The Meaning of Atonement.*—The word translated as *atone* in the King James version of the Old Testament means severally to *cover over, forgive, pardon, expiate, purity,* and *pacify.* These shades of meaning help us to better understand the translated symbol. Interestingly enough the word *atonement* occurs but once in the King James version of the New Testament (Romans 5:11), and even there it would have been better to translate it as *reconciliation.* In the sense used by the Church, *atonement* comprises "proof of the divinity of Christ's earthly ministry, and the vicarious nature of His death, as a fore-ordained and voluntary sacrifice, intended for and efficacious as a propitiation for the sins of mankind, thus becoming the means whereby salvation may be secured." (Talmage, *Articles of Faith,* Chapter 4).

2. *Why it Behooved Christ to Suffer.*—President John Taylor after quoting the scripture that it "behooved Christ to suffer" (Luke 24:46) goes on to say, "One great and very striking statement is here made by the Lord Himself, to the effect that it behooved Christ to suffer, and the question at once presents itself before us, why did it behoove Him? Or why was it necessary that He should suffer: For it would seem from His language, through His sufferings, death, atonement and resurrection, 'that repentance and remission of sins' could be preached among all nations, and that consequently if He had not atoned for the sins of the world, repentance and remission of sins could not have been preached to the nations. A very important principle is here enunciated, one in which the interests of the whole human family throughout all the world are involved. That principle is the offering up of the Son of God, as a sacrifice, an atonement and a propitiation for our sins." The doctrine of the Atonement is thus seen to be of supreme interest and importance to the Church. It cannot consistently be ignored in a series of lessons dealing with the ministry and work of the Christ.

3. *The Doctrine of the Atonement Much Disregarded in the World.*—

Unfortunately, the atonement wrought by our Lord is being increasingly disregarded, or rationalized away. It is evident that the world of our day is rapidly departing from the true teaching that Christ gave His life for the sins of mankind. Not only is this so, but even His divine Sonship is denied. To Latter-day Saints who really and truly believe in the revelations of the Christ to Joseph Smith the fact of the atonement can not possibly be doubted. Years ago, Dr. Charles R. Brown commented on the growing disregard for the Atonement as follows: "Yet straight in the face of the spiritual dynamic of the Cross we are compelled to admit that in recent decades this idea of atonement has been neglected and obscured. The main criticism upon the preaching of recent times has not been that men have been preaching mistaken views of the atonement—for the most part they have not been preaching any view. When we scan the sermon topics announced by some metropolitan daily in its church notices for the following Sunday, we rarely find this theme. When we think back upon the sermons we have heard in the last twenty years, we find that our minds have not been directed many times to the fact that 'Christ died for our sins.' As the ground of forgiveness, as a basis for spiritual appeal, as a source of motive for right living, this truth has fallen in many quarters into disuse. This deep diapason stop on the cathedral organ has too rarely been drawn out and the music of worship has suffered loss." Dr. Brown quotes another prominent gentleman who once said, "The Christian minister who from intellectual difficulties or from lack of spiritual experience, ignores the atonement becomes either nerveless and ineffective, or eccentric and sensational. His message is gone. He either loses heart and becomes dull, or he strikes out and endeavors by his own ingenuity to supply the gap which is made. But from the nature of the case his ministry must cease to be fruitful." It is refreshing to find yet some influential men in the world who sense the worth and reality of worship which arises from the profound conviction that our Lord did indeed make an atonement for all mankind. Conditions being what they are in our age, Latter-day Saints will find it necessary to proclaim with vigor the doctrine of Christ's atonement.

4. *The Doctrine of the Atonement Not Fully Understood.*—It is probable that no one fully understands why the atonement of Christ makes it possible for all men to be redeemed from death, and saved upon conditions of repentance and obedience to the principles of the Gospel. God's ways are mainly inscrutable to man and dimly understood. We have to walk by faith and trust that His ways are righteous altogether. It is just as reasonable to observe that man can no more fully understand the atonement than he can fully understand electricity. But he gets benefits of each without full comprehension. It is unreasonable to reject the idea of atonement because we cannot fully explain it. President John Taylor said, "In some mysterious, incomprehensible way, Jesus assumed the responsibility which naturally would have devolved upon Adam; but which could only be accomplished through the mediation of Himself, and by taking upon Himself their sorrows, assuming their responsibilities, and bearing their transgressions or sins. In a manner to us incomprehensible and inexplicable, he bore the weight of the sins of the whole world; not only of Adam, but of his posterity; and in doing that, opened the kingdom

of heaven, not only to all believers and all who obeyed the law of God, but to more than one-half of the human family who die before they come to years of maturity, as well as to the heathen, who, having died without law, will through His mediation, be resurrected without law, and be judged without law, and thus participate, according to their capacity, works and worth, in the blessings of His atonement."

5. *The Suffering of the Christ.*—We remember the sufferings of Christ, not so much in connection with His crucifixion as in connection with His cross in the garden of Gethsemane. No man has ever undergone agony similar to that experienced by the Christ for the simple reason that no mortal man has ever had the power of mind and body that He had. No mortal man has had the equivalent intelligence and knowledge and spiritual insight possessed by the Christ to be able to feel and bear the sins of all mankind. If it be said that "every large-hearted man is scattered over all creation," meaning, of course, the enlargement of personality to comprehend the interests of others,—what must it have been in the case of the Christ! In the face of His sensitivity to the sins of mankind He had the power, by reason of His divine Sonship, to defy death until, having paid the heavy penalty for all, He voluntarily gave up His life. In the garden of Gethsemane "he took with him Peter and the two sons of Zebedee, and began to be sorrowful and very heavy. Then saith he unto them, My soul is exceeding sorrowful, even unto death: tarry ye here, and watch with me. And he went a little further, and fell on his face, and prayed, saying, O my Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me: nevertheless not as I will, but as thou wilt." (Matthew 26:37-39) The Savior described His sufferings to the Prophet Joseph as follows. "Which suffering caused myself, even God, the greatest of all, to tremble because of pain, and to bleed at every pore, and to suffer both body and spirit—and would that I might not drink the bitter cup, and shrink—nevertheless, glory be to the Father, and I partook and finished my preparations unto the children of men." (Doctrine and Covenants, Sec. 19:18-19.) Members of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, least of all people, can forget the unselfish sacrifice of the Son of God for all mankind.

Questions

1. Why was the atonement of Christ necessary?
2. Did any of the Prophets understand that Christ was to make an atonement for mankind? Cite scripture and explain.
3. Was Christ punished, as some contend, by making an atonement for mankind? Cite scripture in support of your answer.

Problems

Treat only those that time and circumstances will permit.

1. Show that the doctrine of the atonement if rightly understood can be a mighty motive for right living.
2. Point out the effects of the atonement (1) Universally (2) Individually.

Teacher's Topic

LESSON 7

THE PATIENCE OF JESUS

"But that (seed) are they which in an honest and good heart having heard the word, keep it, and bring forth fruit with patience."—Luke 8:15.

"A bruised reed shall he not break."—Matthew 12:20.

PATIENCE is an old, familiar word, with a double meaning. There is the patience which means the calm waiting for something hoped for. Then there is the patience of the uncomplaining endurance of pain and trouble. We speak of having patience with the failings and weaknesses of others.

Jesus possessed patience in the highest degree. He waited in the little town of Nazareth until he was thirty before he began his ministry. Then, instead of using military force of any kind, he chose the slow and toilsome way of conquering by gentleness and love. Through all his life he made but one hundred and twenty disciples. Yet, he said, "Be of good cheer. I have overcome the world."

He knew it was not then, but hundreds of years after his death, that, through obedience to his teachings, all the evils of the world would be overcome. With confidence in the ultimate victory of Truth, he waited in patience. He was patient under tribulation. "He came unto his own, and his own received him not. He knocked at the door of Jerusalem, but the men who kept the door refused to open it. He knocked at the door of Nazareth; the door was opened and then shut in his face."

Enemies pursued him. He was criticised, abused, misunderstood, but he never complained nor grew bitter. His patience was never exhausted. Sometimes his friends did not understand him. They sometimes failed to catch the import of the things he told them. At the Last Supper his disciples quarreled among themselves as to their places at the table. Instead of becoming impatient he took a basin of water and washed their unsandled feet—a task which was usually performed by slaves. By doing this he taught them what he had been trying to teach them from the beginning, that he who would be greatest among men must be the servant of all.

Many great men have been impatient with mental, moral, or physical weakness in others, because they were strong themselves. They had no patience with the slow of comprehension, with those unable to stand up under economic pressure. They were ready to "break the bruised reed" and to quench the "smoking wick." Not so with Jesus. He could understand the weak; he was considerate with the mentally dull; he was long suffering with the "lost sheep".

Matthew, in describing Jesus, uses this quotation from the Old Testament: "A bruised reed shall he not break, and smoking flax shall he not quench."

Discussion

Have you ever known a woman to become bitter toward the Church, because she was misunderstood or because of some unfortunate experience with her fellow workers? What lesson could she learn from the character traits of Jesus?

In what ways are we called upon

day by day to exercise the patience of calmly waiting and the patience of unruffled endurance under pain and trouble?

Give incidents from the New Testament showing the patience of Jesus.

Discuss Susan B. Anthony's patience in working and waiting for the suffrage for women. How has she been honored recently by the Government?

References: *The New Testament; The Character of Jesus*—Charles Edward Jefferson.

Literature

LESSON 7

ROMANCE OF AN OLD PLAYHOUSE

IN OUR former lesson, we have seen that from the very beginning the Saints were interested in the drama and that its leaders encouraged its presentation. We also traced the growth of the dramatic spirit among the people in Utah up to the point where President Brigham Young ordered a site to be purchased for the erection of the Salt Lake Theatre.

George D. Pyper says the building of a theatre was not a sudden inspiration but that the decision to build such an edifice became solidified as the President saw the need. He also states that it is only fair to say that John T. Caine and Hiram B. Clawson both urged the project. At any rate, in July, 1861, excavation for the Old Playhouse began on the corner of First South and State Streets on ground which had been secured from Reynolds Cahoon.

Missionaries in the fields of labor were asked to encourage the immigration to Utah of mechanics, artists, and musicians. The author has caused the following passage to be set in italics: *"In response to this call there came to Utah many men of unusual capabilities. The wisdom and foresight of Brigham Young found definite expression in the building of the Social Hall, the Bee-Hive House, the Theatre, the famous 'Mormon' Tabernacle, and later the majestic Salt Lake Temple, and in the great love for the arts enjoyed by the people of the inter-mountain region."*

Among the men who were of great importance in building the Old Playhouse, the following are worthy of special mention: William H. Folsom, the architect in charge of the work; Joseph A. Young, superintendent of supplies; William Wolstenholm, foreman of the diggers; Alexander Gillispie, foreman of the eight stonecutters; Henry Grow, foreman of the three millwrights; Joseph Schofield, foreman of the fifteen carpenters. A water-wheel placed in the water ditch furnished the power for hoisting the stone.

"By the time the walls were up," says Hiram B. Clawson, "E. L. T. Harrison, an architect from London, who had been trained in the very best schools, arrived in Utah." This man, working with Architect Folsom, designed much of the interior, patterning it largely after the Drury Lane Theatre in the British Capital.

By the time the Theatre was ready for its interior decorations, ox teams had brought George Martin Ottinger, a gifted artist, to the state. The painting of the interior and of the scenery to be used in the Theatre was given into his capable hands.

Mr. Ottinger, assisted by Henry Maiben and William Morris, the latter a decorator from London, painted the scenery for four years. Later the painting work was turned over to Alfred Lambourne.

The following description furnished President Young by the architect, William H. Folsom, will be of interest.

"It was commenced July 1, 1861, and completed for temporary use March 5, 1862. The building is situated on the corner of State Road and First South street. The size of the building on the ground floor is 80 by 144 feet, 40 feet high from the water-table to the square of the building. The roof is self-supporting and hipped all around, with a promenade on top 40 by 90 feet. The south main entrance has an opening of 32 by 20 feet, supported by two Grecian Doric columns. The exterior of the building is Grecian Doric. The auditorium has a parquette and four circles, 60 feet on the outer circle, 37 feet on the inner, and covered with a circular dome in ogee bell form. In the interior, the stage has an opening at the drop curtain of 31 feet front by 28 feet high, and shows 27 feet in flats and 62 feet deep from the footlights, 10 feet procenium and 40 feet high from stage floor to ceiling. The building is still in progress and will probably be completed the present season."

The author, Mr. Pyper, adds in one of his italicized passages:

"You must remember this was eight years before the advent of the Union Pacific Railroad. There were no such things as autos, telephones, gasoline engines, electric power, or any of the agencies that make building easy now-a-days."

Inspiration was shown in the construction of that huge stage. It was so well done that the most elaborate plays of a much later period found plenty of room for their properties and scenic effects.

During the period of the construction of the Theatre, the Civil War began and Johnston's Army was called home. They left in such a hurry that it became necessary for the commanders to dispose of their possessions at extremely low prices. The Old Playhouse became a direct beneficiary. Even the iron from the abandoned army wagons was made into nails with which the historic building was put together.

The author has this to say: "Judged from the present period, one would almost be led to believe that Johnston's Army was sent to Utah to assist the Saints in their recreational activities."

Mr. Pyper declares that there was little quibbling over wages among the workmen. "What they did receive was mostly in written promises of future theatre tickets. The experience of Mr. Walter J. Beatie, who afterwards became a son-in-law of Brigham Young, is typical of all who worked on the Old Playhouse. 'I hauled timber all summer,' he says, 'and attended the Theatre all winter, using up the orders received in payment for my work.'

"When completed the structure stood far above any of its kind in Western America. It was the consummation of a people's desire for the artistic and cultural advantages of life; a monument to the new civilization in the wilderness."

On March 6, 1862, a dedicatory program was given in the Old Playhouse at which President Daniel H. Wells offered the dedicatory prayer and President Young made a speech on the subject, "The Capacity of the Human Body and Mind for Improvement and Development."

"There was nothing lovely in the world," says Mr. Pyper, indirectly quoting President Young, "nothing

delightful, but the Lord had created it for the good of His children, and it was the abuse, not the proper use of anything that constituted evil. Men could make evil of going to the theatre; they could make evil of anything, but they did not expect to do wrong in going there. Brother Wells, he said, had prayed that the building might crumble to the dust and pass away as if it had never been, sooner than it should fall into the hands of the wicked or be corrupted or polluted; and to that he said, 'amen'."

Other leading brethren made short addresses after which the curtain rose on "The Pride of the Market." The evening closed with dancing on the stage, and the Old Playhouse, though not entirely finished, was ready for use.

In the succeeding chapters, Mr. Pyper reviews for his readers the first performances in the Old Playhouse. On March 8, 1862, the first paid performance was given to a packed house. Despite the fact that many had said that the Theatre was far too big for a small pioneer community, President Young's judgment was justified at once. Hiram B. Clawson and John T. Caine were the first managers and the following men and women had parts in the first performance: John T. Caine, Henry Maiben, Joseph M. Simmons, R. H. Parker, David McKenzie, H. B. Clawson, S. D. Sirrine, R. Matthews, Henry Snell, John B. Kelly, Mrs. Woodmansee, Mrs. Margaret Clawson, W. C. Dunbar, H. E. Bowring, W. H. Miles, Phil Margetts, Mrs. H. E. Bowring, Mrs. S. A. Cook, and Mrs. Maggie Thomas (afterwards Mrs. George Romney). These are the ladies and gentlemen who sixty-six years ago (now seventy-five years ago) made the first move as players in the Romance of an Old Playhouse. For years following, the programs continued to hold many of these names in the long list of plays, to the delighted patrons of the drama."

On Christmas Eve, 1862, President Young arranged another party similar to the dedicatory program in the Old Playhouse. On that occasion he joined in the dance. At a given signal, the orchestra struck up the tune for the "Sir Roger de Coverly" and "a selected group led by President Young, executed the popular English dance."

In charming manner Mr. Pyper calls attention of his readers to the quaint advertisements and announcements which appeared in the printed programs. One, especially, may be of interest:

SPECIAL NOTICE

"No Person, Policemen excepted, carrying FIREARMS or other Weapons, will hereafter be admitted into the Theatre.

Strangers having no other place to deposit their arms, can leave them with the Treasurer at the Box Office, who will check for, and return them to the owner at the close of the performance."

Mr. Pyper adds:

"Those, of course, were exciting days. I distinctly remember, when a boy, seeing a motley collection of pistols lying on one of the gallery tables with cards of identification on each. These had been taken from patrons to be returned at the end of the show."

For the next many years, the Old Playhouse was the center of the drama in western America. Some of the greatest American actors played upon the historic stage. During the early period ten of Brigham Young's daughters appeared with the Irwins in a show which has been well described by Susa Young Gates, an excerpt from whose statement is included in the Romance.

In 1864 the first prestidigitator or necromancer appeared in the Theatre. His appearance indicates that the Theatre was open to all kinds of artistic presentations. In December that same year "Hamlet" and "Macbeth" were first produced in the Theatre that was fifteen hundred miles from large centers of culture. Mr. G. Pauncefort, the Shakespearean actor, was popular and had a prosperous season at the Old Playhouse.

The chapter entitled, "A Cathedral in the Desert" contains many references that are unusually interesting and which reveal the author's tender memories of the details connected with the Old Playhouse. For instance, that battery of 385 oil lamps which had to be turned up and down as the play called for more or less light must be a choice memory, as were the successive installations of gas and electricity, as the world advanced in its knowledge of science.

In speaking of the Greenroom, the author says: "The capacious greenroom, a notable and historic gathering place for the early-day players, was located at the rear of the stage midway between the ladies' and gentlemen's dressing rooms. . . . . It housed democratic groups in the day time, and acknowledged a dictatorship at night. When the stock system was discontinued the room was given over to the stars. The stars! One almost tiptoes across the floor when he recalls with reverence the many immortals who have occupied the room. The world will never look upon their like again!

"The list is too long to enumerate here; but one might close one's eyes and see passing in and out of the old greenroom the shadows of all the great players who have crossed the continent between the years 1862 and 1928."

Suggestions for Study

1. A photograph of the Old Playhouse, if one is available, would be interesting. If no other is available, the one in the book could be used.

2. If there is a person in the class or community who has ever been in the Old Playhouse, perhaps that person could give some interesting descriptions.

3. Since the song, "Hard Times Come Again No More," one of President Young's favorites, was used at the dedicatory service, it could be used to give atmosphere to the lesson. In fact, where it is feasible, much of the program found on page 93 could be reproduced.

4. Read the list of plays presented during 1862-3 and comment upon their number and variety.

5. Show that the Prophet Joseph Smith was also in favor of dramatics.

6. How well has Superintendent Pyper presented the picture of the developing theatre? Would you say that his discussion is matter-of-fact or that it has a spirit which leads a reader to the appreciation of what the Old Playhouse meant to the Saints.

Social Service

Lesson 7

The Responsibility of Citizenship

Text: *Civic Sociology*, Edward A. Ross, Chapters 28 and 30.

THE term "citizenship" is used to describe the condition of living under government. It implies the right of State protection and the privilege of political and social participation. It is inclusive of all members of a governing organism, minors and adults.

In return for the rights of citizenship, a member of a State is under definite obligations to the country in which he lives. He cannot share its privileges without assuming a portion of its responsibilities. Being a resident of a place may give one the status of citizenship; but—does residence make of one a good citizen? Not at all. A government has a right to expect allegiance and active support, not only for its political institutions, but also for its social activities.

In a democracy government has been gradually established by the people of past generations. Its phases are as diverse and broad as the complexities of the civilization which has made it. It is still subject to change. It is the duty of citizenship to either support the existing conditions of Statehood, or to make an effort to change them along the lines of constructive political and social idealogy.

The greater the privileges of government, and the larger the amount of freedom granted to citizenship, the more comprehensive the obligations of its citizens become. Without willing participation on the part of all citizens in the essential activities of life involving human relations, neither social nor political progress can go forward.

The present lesson aims to develop an appreciation for this point of view:

First, by indicating the importance of each citizen's responsibilities to the proper functioning of life's activities.

Second, by encouraging individuals to take their part as essential links in the chain of social life.

ALL people are born to citizenship, but some relinquish their native birthright and acquire, through naturalization, a new citizenship in an adopted land. But no matter by what method one's citizenship has been established, all members of a State should manifest a live interest in public affairs.

However, a spirit of apathy toward civic life frequently exists. It is often justified by the supposition that the duly appointed leaders are responsible for carrying on their own activities. But no leader can promote any activity without having interested people to direct. The two qualities are inter-dependent.

Despite this fact, it sometimes happens that leaders prefer an apathetic attitude on the part of those whom they should be guiding. In this case they themselves lack good citizenship. They are not only willing, but anxious that others do not examine their conduct of public affairs lest disapproval of their actions should be expressed.

Generally speaking, apathy contributes to three great faults in social life:

First, it allows corruption and unsocial behavior to permeate public life.

Second, it thwarts the correction

of existing undesirable conditions by allowing affairs to develop and continue unchallenged.

Third, it retards the growth of social consciousness in regard to public life, in spite of the fact that such consciousness is necessary to the improvement of social conditions.

By examining these three faults we can see why it should be incumbent upon each citizen to take an active interest in public affairs.

In the first place, corruption and unsocial behavior in public life are generally the results of a selfish minority who seek to promote their own private interest at the expense of the welfare of the whole. When public consciousness is blanketed with a spirit of apathy which allows state or municipal officials to conduct public affairs with no other scrutiny than that of their own eyes, it becomes relatively easy for selfish interest and private gain to flourish. But just as cleanliness and sunshine drive away the ravages of death-dealing disease germs, public examination dispels corruption and impotence in public office. Interested participation in behalf of its unities and ideals is indeed necessary to the wholesome maintenance of governmental bonds. If large groups shirk their responsibility in connection with Statehood, too often corruption flourishes. Constructive citizenship therefore requires that each individual exercise an active interest in the public acts of all civic officials.

Such activity is not beyond the average person. There are many avenues open to public interest in everyday life. Open forums permit discussion; newspaper columns invite comment; radio services offer broadcasts. Auxiliary legislative groups, civic, and some church organizations lend themselves to wholesome consideration of civic, and, in some cases, other forms of public life. No citizen needs to remain outside the current of the social stream.

By means of the second fault, or an apathetic attitude which circumvents the challenge of existing conditions, much good may be lost to society. Although, in a democracy, it is the duty of the minority to stand by while the majority is in power, the promulgation of the minority point of view does not need to be silenced. The minority has the right to agitate its own cause within the channels of the law. At times a losing cause, on becoming a winning issue, has proven highly beneficial to social welfare, and has come to be regarded in the light of widely approved thinking. Had the first minority group been so apathetic that existing conditions had remained unchallenged, a majority vote for the issue would have been lost.

An example is the case of prohibition in liquor traffic. Even after this measure has been tried and rejected, there is a minority which continues to believe in its efficacy for social welfare. This group has never given up its efforts to point out the virtue of abstinence or to agitate its cause. They believe in the ultimate possibility of its re-enactment and its consequent benefit to society.

This example is typical of many others of lesser scope. Issues which are just as vital to the state or community in which one lives are constantly under consideration. A well-informed member keeps abreast of these issues; and again, there are many channels open to investigation, and through which he can make his influence felt.

An examination of the third fault reveals that an indifferent social consciousness is detrimental to public life. Social consciousness is the by-product of interest in civic and political affairs. It is the state of awareness which results from such inter-

est.. Without this awareness in the body of the State organism, the head may do as it pleases. No matter what phase of public life is under consideration, if the members whose business is being conducted are indifferent to the means of procedure, those in charge may indulge in slipshod methods. The social consciousness of the public is always reflected in the actions of the officials. If, as a result of social apathy, conduct which is subversive to society is allowed to exist, social consciousness may become even more dulled through the effect of contact with that which is evil, or at least undesirable. Thus negative actions may be furthered or allowed to continue without opposition. Active interest in public affairs is as necessary to healthy civic life as is exercise to the development of good muscle tone.

Any democracy depends upon its rank and file, and not upon its ruling bodies, for its morale. And certainly a citizenry is defined by its morale. But at times outward appearances do not point to the true standard of citizenship in a community or a country at large. For example: No political party could conduct its campaign on the basis of such character vilification as is in vogue if its members disapproved of such conduct. A well-balanced citizenry could demand a more ethical form of political operations, and one which is more truly representative of party policies. All members should work for a better statement of principles and ideals, and an election campaign which is based upon real information. Also, the exercise of the electoral franchise by mere voting is not a complete discharge of duty. A member of a State should exert himself to use his intelligence and judgment to see that his vote is well considered.

In regard to civic life, apart from politics, we see that moral support and active co-operation are equally important to its state of well being.

The recent feat of the three Russians who flew from Moscow over the roof of the world and down the American Pacific coast to southern California succeeded through the co-operation of scientific endeavor, governmental backing, and popular support. By working harmoniously toward a public enterprise, an epic flight, both as to distance covered and difficulty encountered, was completed. Moreover, co-operation was, in this case, extended to international support. The interest of Canadian and American aerial navigation officials was as necessary to the success of the flight as was that of the Russian government and the people. The active assistance from all of the countries involved was indispensable to the completion of the endeavor. This kind of conduct also constitutes good citizenship—for citizenship has manifold aspects.

The ethics of citizenship forms an extensive study in and of itself. Such questions as the use of a non-transferable streetcar transfer by one to whom the transfer was not issued, the evasion of quarantine laws, and the payment of taxes, are all subjects which pertain to citizenship.

Any relation which contributes to public activities forms a part of the chain of social life. Individuals contribute to enterprise; enterprise contributes to the social fabric. Similarly the duties to one's church are also the duties of citizenship. Latter-day Saints could not conduct successful auxiliary organizations if their members did not participate actively. Without vigorous auxiliaries, the Church proper could not flourish. And thus the State is dependent upon the many aspects of its social organization. The links in the continuous chain of life are forged from

the associations of life. In society, each member forms a link. The chain is no stronger than the active participation of the average citizen.

Activities

1. From your county recorder find out what proportion of the authorized voters take part in a regular county election. Do the figures indicate a healthy sharing of civic responsibility? Discuss ways of encouraging those who do not feel the importance of voting to participate in civic life for the benefit of the social activities of the country.

2. Make a list of the duties which the term "constructive citizenship" could imply to you.

Child Guidance

Lesson 7

Success and Failure

EMERSON has said, "Self trust is the first secret of success." Success is a *habit* a child gradually acquires in his early life. The infant finds success simply in hammering a block, because it satisfies one of his needs. We found in a previous lesson how frustration or failure in the infant's plans leads to emotional outbursts and often to stubborn, obstinate behavior.

Even to adults nothing is more invigorating than achievement of their goals, especially after a difficult struggle. Deep feelings of failure are often the beginnings of mental break-down for those who have not learned how to take their failures. Failure in one task often builds up general feelings of inadequacy in all tasks. A sense of failure in turn makes one less efficient and more liable to fail again. We have known adults with normal intelligence and opportunity, to live lives of such habitual failure that total direct relief is all that could be done for them.

Children who fail in school or at their play or chores around home are often called lazy, and lazy they are. But calling them lazy does not tell why they are that way. Laziness is no more a cause of failure than it is a result of it. Children are usually lazy because they have not learned the habit of success. They have not learned the joy of doing something well. It behooves the parent of a lazy child to start him out with tasks the goals of which are not too remote, and the difficulty of which is such that the child can certainly succeed with reasonable effort. Tasks of sufficient difficulty must be provided lest the child find them so easy that he loses all interest.

A child with an inferiority complex well rooted in his personality is usually sensitive and shy, generally chooses not to join in with the crowd, expects himself to fail at each new task, does not finish his work promptly, hesitates before doing each new undertaking, and has difficulty deciding what to do next. This picture is the direct result of inferiority feelings. Frequently the compensation or camouflage, covers up the real difficulty, and the parent should look carefully behind all exaggerations in her child's conduct in search of the roots of inferiority feelings.

How a child responds to his failure is of greater seriousness than the failure itself. No two children will respond exactly alike to what appears to the parent to be the same failure. Look carefully to the child's

reactions to what he tries to do, and learn to detect the degree of frustration he feels in various situations. Watch especially how he feels about others in the family doing better than he does. A child sometimes begins developing inferiority feelings because he compares himself with an older and more mature brother or sister. This is particularly likely if the older one "boobs" the younger for not doing so well. The younger one may be equally competent, but the greater maturity of the older one gives him an advantage.

Every child is a challenging problem to his parents and should be studied and managed individually according to his specific needs. No set rules can be set down for preventing and correcting inferiority feelings, but the remainder of this lesson will be directed to some general principles that should serve as a guide to the individual management of the child.

First of all, the child should be thoroughly examined for physical defects which might be the starting point for inferiority feelings. Obvious defects, such as birth marks, crossed eyes, paralized limbs or displeasing facial features are likely to have considerable significance to the child because they make him appear conspicuous. Extreme physical weakness, deafness or blindness are also common organ inferiorities. Mild visual or hearing deficiencies often cause backwardness in school work, and in turn, feelings of failure. Whenever possible the defects should be remedied. If they cannot be corrected, the child should be helped to find suitable compensations in the form of activities at which he is more certain of success. Point out to him persons like Thomas A. Edison who was partially deaf and yet achieved great fame as an inventor; John Milton who was blind and yet made significant contributions to literature; and Walter Scott, crippled from paralysis, who also became a great figure in the field of literature. Care must be taken not to urge the afflicted one to attempt the impossible and thereby increase his sense of inferiority.

A next safeguard is to prevent as far as possible other children from making fun of inferiorities of body or behavior. Parents should not call their children "good for nothing" and point out their defects in an unfriendly manner. If deficiencies are pointed out at all, it should be in a kindly manner and should be for the purpose of helping the child to meet them frankly and intelligently.

Sarcasm and ridicule as forms of discipline are barbaric and should have no place in the modern home. Shame is a frequently used method that does nothing but add humiliation to a sense of failure, and arouses resentment and hatred. Severe and unjust punishments accomplish the same evil result. Children who are victims of these abuses frequently become cruel to others and attempt to destroy their happiness by disparaging remarks or interference with their activities.

Over-fond parents occasionally fail to let the child grow out of his baby clothes and be like other children. Ridicule is the most natural response of the children from whom he differs. Manners which are seriously affected and different from those of other children in the community are also the butt of much ridicule. A child's happiness in his play group and his general feeling of self-regard are really worth more than pretty curls and unsoiled linens.

As previously indicated, parents should provide tasks that will permit success with reasonable effort. This does not mean for the mother to do the task for the child, since only the successes the child himself earns

bring him the satisfactions that are the basis of the habit of success. If the task is too difficult for the child, he is forced to fail; if it is to easy he does not feel the keen delight of achievement. A story is told of a man who was hired to pound logs with the blunt side of an ax for the same pay as actual chopping. By noon he quit the job because there was no challenge in it, no delight from the progress being made.

Occasionally an opportunity should be provided for the child to achieve a great success in order to let him know how success feels. We all know that life means infinitely more to us for days after a great success has followed a hard struggle.

Failures are inevitable for all of us, however, and a realization of this fact takes some of the sting out of them. Everyone cannot succeed at every kind of task. Just as various birds and animals have their own way of protecting themselves—one flies, another runs, another climbs—so does each individual usually have a best field in which to succeed, however humble it may be. Because bookish things come hard to a child does not mean he cannot succeed abundantly in the use of tools or at farm work. In some cases, special talents for art or music may permit a child to succeed when ordinary social activities and academic school work are very difficult. Many children fall into the easy error of feeling inferior all the way around just because they do not excel in everything they try. Failure to excel at one thing should stimulate the child to redouble his efforts to do well at his own line of greatest success. Abilities cannot be leveled out very well by an abundance of practice or training on the child's weak point. Better spend time at what can be done well than to discourage all effort through driving him to do what he persistently fails to do. Parents should not make unfavorable comparisons between various children in the family. Favoritism is unfair both to the favored one and to the other. If a parent will observe carefully, she will find some one type of thing each child does well enough to deserve commendation, and it is her duty to see that he gets the satisfaction of doing that type of task, provided it is honorable.

In general, group competition is to be preferred to man-to-man contests. Prizes given to the "best" in a group should be replaced by praise or prizes to all who do as well as a certain standard. Those who cannot come up to that standard should be helped to do so, or promptly given another task that is within their reach.

Finally, a defeatist attitude in the mother is contagious. She should generate confidence and success by her own life. She should not shift her frustrations on to the child and expect him to succeed way beyond her level of achievement. Setting the child's sights toward a goal that is too high in order to gratify a mother's unfulfilled ambitions is a frequent source of forced failure and inferiority feelings in the child.

Problems for Discussion

1. Give an example of how a sense of failure can spread from one task to another.
2. Show how one success contributes to the next success, and one failure contributes to the next.
3. How does a parent's or school's failure to provide the child with tasks difficult enough to call forth effort but easy enough for him to see his way clear to accomplishment, contribute to laziness? What would you suggest as a treatment for the lazy child?
4. Discuss three concrete steps a parent can take to prevent or correct inferiority feelings in her child.

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